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"TOO LATE" IS A CRY that dogs the great powers' footsteps in China. On August 5 formal ratifications of the treaties and resolutions adopted by the Washington Conference almost four years ago were finally exchanged. It took the Shanghai strike, and the uprisings and anti-foreign outbreaks all over China, to stir the laggard diplomats into even that petty step. But those documents are mere expressions of good intentions. What will the powers do to put them into effect? Had the conference to discuss permitting China to raise her customs duties been held promptly it might have made an impression in China. It is too late. The Chinese will be satisfied with nothing less than recovery of their lost fiscal autonomy. They do not ask—not yet—to control their own customs administration; they ask merely that the powers abrogate their treaty right to censor any Chinese attempt to revise her obsolete customs schedule. The Peking Government has stated that it will not at this time ask consideration of the other great question raised at Washington: that of extraterritoriality. Peking is willing to postpone that question because it knows that the powers would utilize discussion of it only as a megaphone through which to broadcast stories of chaos in present-day China, and the powers will not insist. Yet any student of history knows that sooner or later China will cast off extraterritoriality as Turkey has cast it off. The only questions are When, and How. Will the powers act voluntarily, or will they wait until China, angered, does it at the cost of blood?

SOME OF THE ALIEN BUSINESS MEN in China want bloodshed. "The evidence grows," Thomas F. Millard says in one of a series of notable dispatches from Shanghai to the New York *Times*, "that foreign Bourbonism here is willing to see chaos ensue provided this provokes military intervention, thereby indefinitely extending the existing foreign privileges." The British press in China, he says, is particularly aggressive. Mr. Millard sees "a conflict between the American China policy and Bourbonism based upon the historic British and European policies in Asia." Doubtless Washington has a more enlightened intention than London or Paris; but China has precious little reason to distinguish between the two. In practice we are doing England's dirty work for her. Our gunboats turn their guns on Shanghai; our marines police the city; and the enlightened good intentions of Mr. Coolidge in Washington have not yet penetrated British obstruction sufficiently to be visible in the Celestial Empire. The Chinese have a right to be cynical. The legations at Peking investigated the Shanghai shootings at once, and reported more than six weeks ago. Why has the report not been published? Is it because it blames a British police official and an American office-holder?

AN ENGLISH WIT remarked, after studying the Allied project of a "security pact," that whereas the last war was a war to end war, this pact made it plain that the next war would have to be a war to end wars to end war. The French see peace only through a haze of war. They refuse to feel safe without guaranties that other nations are ready to make war to prevent war. And so long as the Franco-British parleys tend simply to clarify and define this conviction of the French they do not move Europe very far along the path to peace. Prolonged sessions at London have resulted, the official communiques tell us, in "complete unanimity." For any conception of the content of that unanimity we have to depend upon leakages to the semi-official journalists. The French correspondents assure us that M. Briand's farewell smile was due to Austen Chamberlain's assent to the French definition of "flagrant aggression on the part of Germany" as "either open preparation for invasion or actual invasion." In either case France would have the right to take immediate defensive measures without consulting England or the League of Nations. In that case the "peace pact," instead of adding to the guaranties incorporated in the Covenant of the League, would reduce them. It would give France a freer hand than ever, and the mutual aspects of the pact, so much discussed a few months ago, would have been totally lost.

CONVERSATIONS between France, England, and Germany are now in order. This appears to be a compromise between the French opposition to discussion with the Germans except in terms of ultimatums and the British desire for a tripartite conference. "Conversations," says M. Briand, "are better than conferences. Conferences and notes are too formal." So the ambassadors and foreign

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ministers are to converse. That marks a tiny step forward. Notes are irrevocable; once sent, their authors feel obliged to be consistent with them, however time may change their views. In conversations even a statesman, we suppose, may allow himself to be tentative. If these conversations are really joint conversations, in which German suggestions are treated as worthy of the same consideration given to French or British proposals, they may initiate a new era in post-war diplomacy. And the strongest ground for hope that this will be the case is the appearance of the American Ambassador as an apparent participant in the diplomatic conversations. However much one may doubt the usefulness of American participation in formal security parleys, one knows that Mr. Houghton's influence at any gathering will be cast for common sense and mutual confidence and respect.

OUT OF THE RUHR the French troops have marched, but they are still in the Rhineland and they behave there as armies of occupation always do. The following notice, signed by the Gutenberg Society of Mainz and sent to us by a subscriber, is a significant straw:

> The annual ceremony of the Mainz printers at the Gutenberg statue and the illumination of Gutenberg Square on the five hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Gutenberg Museum is not authorized by the occupation authorities. The commemoration of the great inventor will, therefore, be included in the special program at the Municipal Theater on Saturday, June 27, at 8 p. m. Similarly the Johannisfest of the printers, which has been celebrated annually in the Stadtpark, cannot take place this year. Furthermore, the illumination of the Rhine bank and of the Mainz bridges, which was to conclude the ceremony on Monday, June 29, 1925, is not permitted. There will be no change in the rest of the program. . . .

EDMUND STINNES, son of Germany's industrial magician, has made a grandstand play which brought him front-page headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. But behind the advertised offer to the workers of stock worth, at par, half a million dollars, is a sordid story of financial intrigue. The elder Stinnes played both ends against the middle through the heartrending years of Germany's collapse. He borrowed money when it was worth something, repaid it when it had dropped to a tenth its former value, bought new enterprises with his borrowed money, paid his workers so late that they lost much of the value of their wages, and forced the employees, on the plea of hard times, to work longer hours. He died a year ago, hailed as an industrial statesman of the first rank. In reality he was primarily a lucky and unscrupulous speculator. Now that the mark has been stabilized the topsy-turvy structure he erected is crashing. A government-sponsored syndicate of banks first lent money to the Stinnes brothers; then, discovering obligations beyond their wildest dreams, refused further advances. The sons of the old wizard have been endeavoring to persuade the public that they are guileless young men being squeezed by unscrupulous banks. But neither they nor their father ever betrayed any hint of a sense of responsibility to public or employees, and the offer to give away a block of stock, title to which was doubtful, was a bit of irresponsible stage-acting. We are glad that the workers had the courage to refuse it. The sudden rise and equally sudden fall of the Stinnes fortunes is an instructive revelation of the unsoundness of modern business "statesmanship."

TAMMANY HALL, having twice foisted the irascible Mr. Hylan on New York City, has tired of its Mayor's incompetence. He has steadfastly fought increases in the subway fares, but taxes have risen, new subways have not been built, and the schools have not kept pace with the hordes of school-children. Mayor Hylan thought that he could defy the bosses in his own party wigwam and demanded renomination, but he reckoned without "Al" Smith. The Governor, having learned by experience the utter incompetence of the city's chief executive, was adamant. Tammany hates a fight within the ranks, but the issue was forced, and the Governor's lieutenant, "Jimmy" Walker, Democratic leader in the State Senate, will run against the Mayor in the Democratic primaries. Walker is as authentic a product of New York City as his chief—a rough-and-tumble, self-educated man with an amazing talent for absorbing complicated figures and a genuine understanding of popular psychology. Besides being the author of that *Volkslied* "Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?" he is an effective catch-as-catch-can debater and a capable executive. The Republicans, meanwhile, are having their usual organization rows. We predict the advent of Mayor Walker, but if we had our way we should swing the election to Norman Thomas, whom the Socialist Party has had the wisdom to nominate.

UPHELD BY FEWER than a thousand votes out of a scant total of 40,000, the victory of the proportional representation system of elections in Cleveland at the referendum August 11 was none the less real. Against "P. R.," and for the old charter method of electing city councilmen by individual wards, were arrayed the organization, resources, and leadership of both major political parties. Newton D. Baker, Democratic ex-Secretary of War, publicly opened the campaign against P. R.; "Gus" Hirstius, Republican chief clerk of the election board, carried it on; and petitions for the referendum were circulated by employees of the Board of Elections. The only supporters of P. R. were the independents, with four members of the council. No assault was made on the city-manager plan this year, but it was generally believed that its turn would come next. The election has proved again that Clevelanders prefer thinking for themselves to blindly following the dictates of professional politicians. Last November Cleveland went for La Follette.

ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI is one of the absolutist spots of Europe, and we have had little of a liberal character to record there since the arrival of Fascism. Yet, in one respect at least, Mussolini and his Black Shirts have a tolerance that we in the United States have not yet learned. They clap more people into jail for their political opinions than we do; but they do occasionally let them out. Fascism has now issued its third amnesty decree, this time in honor of the completion of a quarter century's rule by King Victor Emmanuel. Under the new edict it is estimated that some 10,000 persons will be liberated. Meanwhile, according to the lately organized International Labor Defense, 23 South Lincoln Street, Chicago, there are no fewer than 128 persons in American jails be-

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cause of their opinions or their activity in behalf of the workers' cause. They are there through convictions under the so-called criminal-syndicalism laws that still stand on the statute-books of thirty-five States and have generally been validated by the decision of the United States Supreme Court against Benjamin Gitlow. Our indifference to the national shame of this continuing political persecution is one of the severest indictments which Europe can bring against us. Fascist Italy is sometimes more noble-minded.

THE AMY LOWELL POETRY Traveling Scholarship is something new in literature, and something eminently desirable. Miss Lowell's will provides for an annual fund of $2,000 which shall be bestowed by a committee, consisting of one Harvard professor and two American poets of standing, upon a poet of promise who will engage to absent himself for a year from the continent of North America and practice his art. Most of the terms of the foundation are as liberal as Miss Lowell herself was. She merely indicates, for instance, that in the choice of committees and candidates "preference" should be given to persons "of progressive literary tendencies." On the point of expatriation, however, she seems to have been adamant. Her disinclination to the American scene as such was well known; having been everywhere herself, she put great emphasis upon the value of a knowledge of the earth's surface—and by her will she evidently hoped to extend this knowledge among the writers who should follow her. The scholarship is one of many which the republic needs.

OUR LIBRARIES stand with our schools and our press as the great educators of the public, and one of the big jobs of the libraries is to assist the schools in the training of their pupils. Another, as we pointed out lately, is to make more available the great ocean of information appearing in the press. The American Library Association has a committee on library survey at work at the present time, the result of whose findings will doubtless be to suggest new methods for accomplishing both of these purposes. But how are the libraries to undertake new and better work unless they have the means with which to do it? Even the New York Public Library, one of the most important and largely used in the world, lacks sufficient funds to buy new books or keep in order its present volumes which are said to be declining at the rate of 11,000 a year. The library is asking the city for an appropriation of $253,300 for new books and for a uniform increase of $400 a year in the salaries of employees. Both are needed. A library is of little use to the public without a trained and willing staff in charge. When one realizes that 46 per cent of the staff of the New York Public Library get $19 to $23.50 a week, there can be no surprise that they are leaving at the rate of 21 per cent a year. A great library deserves more generous and business-like treatment.

THE AUTOMOBILE is inevitably the producer of a vast amount of favoritism and snobbery but of hardly any that is more offensive than that in connection with the granting of a special right of way to certain persons. In New York City the number of cars bearing police-department shields—freeing them from traffic regulations and giving them the right of way over all other vehicles—has become such a scandal that it is under investigation. So long as favors are extended at all, there is no controlling them. A New York newspaper recently said that the use of a police-department shield by a certain woman had been questioned but upon inquiry was found to be legitimate because her brother was a surgeon in the police department! The other day a Philadelphia couple obtained a special right of way to dash across the State of New Jersey to the bedside of a dying daughter in Atlantic City. One can sympathize with their haste, but the trip was not only an inconvenience but a danger to everyone else on the route and in all probability could have been accomplished as quickly by train. The public interest justifies a right of way over other vehicles to fire apparatus, ambulances, and probably mail trucks; they should have such a right by law, not by executive favor. No right should exist in the Police Department of New York or any other city to repeal the traffic regulations in favor of a mayor or any other citizen, and no self-respecting mayor or other citizen would accept an exemption which must obviously be exercised to the inconvenience and danger of others.

HOW EASY must be the task of the circulation department of our noble contemporary, the *Dearborn Independent!* It has only to open its hands and take the subscriptions of all wise and ambitious Ford employees, discreetly prompted by such a circular letter as this to the staff of the new Ford Hospital in Detroit:

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

In replying refer to DETROIT BRANCH

All statements or agreements contained in this letter are contingent on strikes, accidents, fires, or any other causes beyond our control, and all contracts are subject to approval by the signature of a duly authorized executive officer of this company. Clerical errors subject to correction.

ALL HENRY FORD HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES

We know that all employees of the Henry Ford Hospital will be glad to subscribe for the *Dearborn Independent*, for by so doing you will be receiving the best up-to-the minute articles and editorials at the lowest possible price, and will also be lending your cooperation in reaching the mark of 1,000,000 subscribers, which has been set for this year.

Mr. Beelby will be at the pay office all day Monday, July 20, to receive your subscriptions.

Make Henry Ford Hospital 100 per cent.

OF ENGLAND'S many curious organizations for accomplishing remarkable objects none has ever appealed to us more than the Large Black Pig Society. The King himself, we understand, is its president, but that is an inconsequential consideration beside the society's name. We are glad to report to Americans a problem which is agitating the society: to wit, the best way of marking the animals for whose good and welfare it exists. "It is quite simple," says a spokesman for the society, "to tattoo white pigs," but, as the *Manchester Guardian* puts it, "where is the ink, and where are the instruments to apply it, which will show up so unmistakably against a hide which (as visitors to agricultural shows may remember) resembles so closely a well-blacked stove slightly covered with sparse whiskers?" This, we feel, is a problem in solid realities beside which the continuance of the coal industry and the dole to the unemployed become evanescent bubbles. Some of our readers, we hope, will help the Large Black Pig Society with suggestions for the best way of marking "a somber expanse of perambulating pork."

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Mr. Mellon's "Tax Relief"

A WELL-INFORMED Washington correspondent outlines the Treasury's plan for tax reduction as follows: (1) Reduce the basic normal tax from 6 per cent to 5 per cent; (2) reduce the surtax to a maximum of 20 per cent; (3) abolish the federal estate tax; (4) reduce the present 12½ per cent corporation income tax if prospective revenue justifies, but not by graduating the tax downward on the basis of total income. The idea of a graduated tax on corporations, this correspondent states, is contrary to the Administration policy of encouraging the transaction of business in large units. If the American position is to be maintained in the vigorous competition for world trade, Mr. Mellon believes, business must not be disturbed by inefficient attempts to encourage small business and competition.

We do not vouch for the correctness of this information; the Treasury may change its ground again before Congress meets. In principle, however, each new position of Mr. Mellon is just the same as his old one, only more so. For more than four years now he has been shaping federal taxation according to a perfectly definite theory; changes have been due only to political exigencies.

Bluntly stated his theory is this: So far as possible the rich should be freed from heavy taxation, so that they may accumulate more capital and thus employ the poor, who will then have work and the ability to pay taxes. More suavely: Free business from taxation so that it may accumulate capital, cause prosperity, and employ labor; then taxes will come from somewhere. It is a pleasant theory held comfortably by the everyday business man. In fact, judging from the tons of incense burned by the newspapers before Mr. Mellon's shrine, and from the verdict in last November's election, we gather that it is held explicitly or implicitly by a large majority of our fellow-citizens. With our usual cantankerousness, we must dissent.

Consider a part of what Mr. Mellon has already accomplished. The excess-profits taxes of unlamented memory have disappeared, *spurlos versenkt*. The surtaxes on big incomes have fallen from 65 per cent to 40 per cent, and Mr. Mellon almost committed hara-kiri a year ago because they were not lowered to the sacred figure of 25 per cent. By a neat provision of the law of 1921 capital gains were taxed only 12½ per cent; but taxpayers were allowed to deduct capital losses in toto from their taxable income. Under this benign provision the 3,066 richest taxpayers (who had each paid on $100,000 or more in 1916) had up to 1923 deducted $610,000,000 from their taxable income for losses. This manifestly enabled them to save a tidy sum out of taxes and thus preserve it to the "productive capital" of this great country. We will not rehearse Mr. Mellon's exploits further. Suffice it to say that wherever this second Alexander Hamilton has seen a chance to take taxation off the business man and the wealthy citizen, he has done so.

But what has this financial wizard done with the tariff, a tax which, so far as it is actually effective, comes out of the pocket of the miserable and ubiquitous ultimate consumer in the form of higher prices for both the imported and the domestic product, be it honest woolen clothing or aluminum saucepans? Has Mr. Mellon wept for him? Not so. Your consumers of saucepans do not furnish that "spirit of business adventure" which according to Mr. Mellon has given our fair land "the foremost position in the world." They do not add to the capital on which our civilization rises. So our tariff has gone up and up, and Br'er Mellon he ain't say nuffin'; while all proposals for reduction, thanks to the marvelous "flexible" provisions that we now enjoy, sleep safely in the files of a "scientific" tariff commission, benevolently watched over by the former secretary of the Home Market Club. Meanwhile capital beneficently accumulates.

What next? Rapid payment of the war debt, while money is still comparatively cheap? Mr. Mellon seems to think it would be well to leave something for the next generation to pay. Instead of paying the war debt now, he wants to reduce taxes again, and accumulate capital. How? Let us repeat his masterly program: First, by reducing the normal income tax from 6 per cent to 5 per cent (which sounds well, but affects nobody with less than $8,000 of taxable income); second, by scaling the surtax from a maximum of 40 per cent to one of 20 per cent (it was to be an absolutely "scientific" 25 per cent, determined by immutable economic laws, during those long months when Horatio Mellon stood at the bridge last year); third, by abolishing the estate tax, which now takes productive capital from the children of perfectly good dead capitalists to squander it in paying off government debts; and finally, by reducing the 12½ per cent corporation tax, so that our corporations may add their profits to capital instead of wasting them in taxes!

We do not complain of Mr. Mellon's principle, nor do we charge that he adopted it simply to feather his own already well-feathered nest. On the contrary, we think he honestly believes this principle to be "for the good of the country," whatever that may mean. We do not repine, either, because our fellow-Americans agree with Mr. Mellon instead of with us. "If they like that sort of thing, that's just the sort of thing they like." We only point out that Mr. Mellon's scheme is based on an archaic political economy that was buried in the same grave with McCulloch and James Mill and Nassau Senior, only to be resurrected by that large body of contemporary business economists who wish to be dispensed from the necessity of thinking. Most governments had to abandon such a basis of taxation long ago. The United States is so egregiously rich that it can still without disaster continue to lug along this dead weight of outworn economic and social ideas, still practice the good old motto: "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." If one searches thoughtfully the teachings of modern economic science, however, he finds them supporting rather a canon of taxation made familiar in England by the Labor Party: "The surplus wealth for the common good." We who oppose Mr. Mellon's business philosophy may be fighting a losing battle for the time being, but at any rate we will not be intimidated by the beating of his big bass drum, the blaring and blahing of the press saxophones, and the shrill tooting of the economic piccolos that assume to pipe for business. We know too well that there are always good reasons why somebody else should pay the taxes.

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Debts and Deception

THE terms finally agreed upon between this country and Belgium for the settlement of the latter's debt to our government will constitute one of the most significant steps in post-war finance. The sum involved is only about one-tenth as large as Great Britain's debt to us but the principle will probably be used in settling the French and Italian obligations as well. For Europe the settlement will be more important than that with Great Britain because it will affect a group of nations whose finances are in a condition so precarious that any change in them is reflected throughout the Continent.

The great difference between the British debt settlement and what may be called the Belgian-French-Italian negotiations is that Great Britain was known to be solvent and capable of paying substantially in full, while the other European Allies would, if they were business corporations, long since have been obliged to go into bankruptcy; intelligent students of finance do not expect them ever to pay their debts to the United States in full, nor even to settle their internal obligations without tremendous losses to those who lent to them when their currencies were at or near their gold parity.

Intelligent students of finance know these things, we say, but politicians and newspaper editors in this country have been unwilling to admit them publicly, and the American people have been allowed to form a fixed and general belief that our European government debtors can—and therefore ought to—pay their debts to us in full and with interest. The Administration in Washington—both under Harding and until lately under Coolidge—has been the chief propagandist of this theory, although it is now veering around to a more realistic attitude. The insistence that there can be no cancelation is apparently to be abandoned, although in so discreet a manner that the man in the street will not recognize it. We are going to compromise our claims and accept what we can get, although it will be done behind a mass of technical words and figures intended to conceal the facts from the average citizen.

Even with Great Britain the terms of our agreement do not provide for settlement in full—in spite of the sixty-two years over which payments are spread—although the notion has been conveyed that the British have bound themselves to pay to the last penny. The fact is that for the first ten years Great Britain is paying interest at 3 per cent, and after that will pay 3½ per cent, while we are still paying an average of nearly 4¼ per cent on the war bonds out of which we borrowed money to lend to Europe. In a study of our debt agreements made so far—those with Great Britain, Hungary, Finland, Lithuania, and Poland—the National Industrial Conference Board says:

> The rate of interest on the funded foreign debt, averaged over the entire period, is 3.42 per cent, or approximately three-fourths of 1 per cent under the prevailing rate of interest now paid by the United States Government on its own obligations. It must be remembered, however, that there is included in the funded debt the amount of interest that had accumulated and remained unpaid at the time of funding and that this unpaid interest is now itself bearing interest, the operation thus partaking of the nature of compound interest to a limited degree. . . .
>
> If it is assumed that the United States will not be able to refund its maturing war obligations during the British funding period on the basis of a yield lower than 4¼ per cent, the total cost of the British funding agreement to the American people may be set at $1,581,000,000, or a sacrifice of 34.4 per cent of the new principal involved.

The National Industrial Conference Board adds that the loss will not, in fact, be quite so high, since there is every prospect that we shall be able to renew our loans at somewhat less than 4¼ per cent.

We are not attacking the official change in front whereby our European debtors are to be allowed to pay what they can in place of the previous inflexible American policy which demanded everything and got nothing. On the contrary, *The Nation* proposed soon after the armistice that all our foreign debt be canceled in return for a decent European policy, which would have involved corresponding reductions in the German indemnities. Had this been done the financial collapse of Germany and the near-financial breakdown of France might have been averted.

Only we think Mr. Coolidge should not be allowed to fool our people into believing they are getting a hundred cents on the dollar when in fact they are accepting only *a promise* of such fraction of that sum as our debtors choose to tender.

Biography and Brilliance

WE are becoming so accustomed to the brief and "pertinent" biography, and so familiar with the claim that it has supplanted for all time to come its older and longer brother, that we are likely—if we do not look about us—to consider the art of Boswell, for instance, to be dead. We hear that Mr. Strachey has changed everything; that the future, indeed, belongs to his kind of biographical essay. And it would be difficult to exaggerate the value of a technique which consists in selection and selection only—the assumption being, naturally, that the details are picked by a mind which possesses a point of view. This technique has given us Mr. Strachey in England and Mr. Bradford in America, not to speak of their many engaging followers. For that matter it gave our ancestors Plutarch—one, too, who possessed a point of view, though it was considerably more pious than that which we relish in the somewhat cynical essayists of the twentieth century. Merely so far as technique goes, there is little or no difference between Plutarch and Mr. Strachey. One hunted for facts which should prove that the actions of men—Alcibiades, Fabius—have a moral significance; the other hunts for facts which shall demonstrate all motives—in General Gordon, in Prince Albert—to partake of the madness which is inherent in human energy. Both condescended to their subjects, and both were brilliant men.

But we have only to look about us to be reminded that the long biography still lives and flourishes. Against Mr. Strachey in England must be counted Henry Festing Jones, and along with Mr. Bradford in America there are Horace Traubel, Albert Bigelow Paine, and Archibald Henderson. These—to name no others—amply carry on the tradition of Boswell, of Eckermann, and of Masson. They serve also as reminders that the art of biography need not consist in selection only, or indeed in selection at all. What conceivable thing, for instance, did Mr. Jones leave out of his life of Samuel Butler? What chance remark of the aging

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Walt Whitman seemed insignificant to Mr. Traubel? Where did Mr. Paine ever trim Mark Twain? And what that Mr. Henderson could find out about Bernard Shaw did he suppress? They put everything in, whether it was picturesque or not; and the result in each case was something grandly picturesque after all. The point of view was not there, and yet it was there—in us, perhaps, after we had finished with our reading. The only piety in the biographers was the piety which they felt toward their heroes, and their only cynicism was that with which they might wave away criticism of those heroes. There is something, if not much, in the theory that the best biography is the longest; there is reason behind the attitude which refuses to deny greatness to a life of a great man—however shapeless it may be—if only it present endless evidence of that greatness. It is no anomaly that the most famous of biographies in English is also the most utterly without form or visible art.

Boswell's "Johnson" has likewise—at least since Macaulay—enjoyed the reputation of being a great book written accidentally by a small, trivial, and stupid man. It happens to be no longer possible to cherish that delusion wholly, or at all. Yet the paradox involved is an important one. Brilliance is no necessary ingredient in a biographer. Indeed, if he be operating on a large scale, brilliance will get in his way and be a nuisance. His game is big, and he may not stop at every tree in order to try the edge of his weapon—and incidentally to show how neatly he can carve his initials. He must still pursue, and when he has come close it will not matter so much that he is forced to hack many times with an inadequate instrument.

So it was with Boswell, and so it is with Mr. Henderson and Mr. Paine—to confine the matter to two of our contemporaries who have practiced upon subjects in themselves particularly brilliant. To say that Mr. Henderson is less brilliant than Mr. Shaw is to say nothing interesting. It is more interesting to observe that the man who has stayed longest by Shaw, and has published the most facts about him, is singularly unequipped to understand him—let alone match him in malice or wit. There was little in Mr. Henderson's recent volume of dialogues with "G. B. S." to indicate that the pains he had formerly taken to lay bare the sources of the man's thought had not been wasted. He could see that Shaw was witty, but not that he was wise; and he himself, in the act of composing an invaluable sequel to his biography of fourteen years ago, was neither. As for Mr. Paine, who has reared three lasting monuments to Mark Twain in the "Life," the "Letters," and the "Autobiography," there is sufficient evidence of his quality in this passage from the "Autobiography":

> I started to say, a while ago, that when I made that discovery of the difference between "news" and "history" thirty-nine years ago, I conceived the idea of a magazine, to be called the *Back Number* and to contain nothing but ancient news; narratives culled from moldy old newspapers and moldy old books; narratives set down by eye-witnesses at the time that the episodes happened. . . . Mr. Paine, you and I will start that magazine, and try the experiment, if you are willing to select the ancient news from old books and newspapers and do the rest of the editorial work. Are you willing?
>
> MR. PAINE. I should be very willing, when we get time to undertake it.
>
> Very well, then we will, by and by, make that experiment.

Hints for Swimmers

IN spite of its growing popularity as a summer sport, swimming the English Channel is not unmitigated fun. The water is cold—colder, Gertrude Ederle says, than the water off the Maine coast. Darkness is sure to begin or end one's swim—darkness that leaves one alone, surrounded by unfriendly reaches of black and choppy waves. It was darkness that defeated Mlle Sion the other day. All her strength and courage left her as the night shut her in, and she gave up two miles from the English shore when she was swimming bravely, an hour ahead of the best time ever made by a man. And the Channel is full of large, uneven billows. Some swimmers are doubtless steadier and more seaworthy than others, but the best of them, though they be "round in the counter and bluff in the bow," as the old chantey says, are likely to pitch and roll in a heavy Channel chop. Also there are jellyfish. Burgess, the second man to swim the Channel, was stung by jellyfish 100 times in the course of his crossing. And most of the swimmers suffer from cramps.

But if one decides to take up this sport there are compensations: Sullivan, who made the swim in 1923, lost twenty pounds in the process. An elaborate technique has been developed for overcoming the difficulties involved. Specially mixed greases cover the body to keep it warm; goggles prevent the salt from stinging the eyes; balanced rations keep the swimmer strong on the way; musical programs warm his spirits. Tirabocchi, the Argentine who swam the Channel in the amazing time of 16 hours and 33 minutes two years ago, favors jazz as a musical diet. He found himself enlivened and encouraged by syncopated music timed to his stroke. Burgess is more conservative: he swims to old French ballads. In fact, when he landed after his final successful trip (he had tried and failed thirteen times) and went temporarily insane on the beach, fifteen minutes of French ballads quite restored his exhausted nerves. But Gertrude Ederle's coach, Mr. Wolfe, has a different musical theory. He is himself a noted Channel swimmer who has developed his technique from years of not quite successful efforts to get across. Mr. Wolfe favors bagpipes. He has used them throughout day-long grueling cross-Channel swims. Working in relays the pipers skirl and shriek courage and strength into weary limbs. The tunes are carefully devised to fit the emergency. To help him battle a buffeting cross-current the bagpipes play "I Love a Lassie," repeating it as long as the struggle lasts. During meal-times, which come around every half hour in the Channel, the pipes play "Leave but a Kiss Within the Cup"—possibly to fortify the swimmer against any impulse to ask for wine. Gertrude Ederle's youthful indifference to the value of this variety of musical stimulation has been one of the causes of the irritation of her veteran coach.

As for food, the experts are at war. Some say that Miss Harrison failed because she was a vegetarian and lived on a diet which could not provide sufficient strength. Gertrude Ederle, the buxom daughter of a successful butcher, should fare better. Her regular habits are carnivorous, although she swims on a light diet of beef tea, grapes, and chocolate. A report that she would nibble pork chops and steaks on the way across must have been issued by some packer's press agent.

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British Constitutionalism and the Coal Settlement

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, August 2

I AM writing on a day when the country breathes freely because the dispute in the coal trade has been prevented at the very last minute from reaching a disastrous crisis, and when, at the same time, there is a gripping doubt at our hearts about the price, in cash and psychology, which we shall have to pay. Up to yesterday afternoon the deadlock was complete. The Government, through Mr. Baldwin, had said its last word, and it was that it would give no subsidies; the owners had said theirs, which was the notices posted up for weeks at the pits and coming into operation in less than thirty hours; the men had said theirs, which was that they would not accept the owners' terms and regretted that the Government had no proposals to make except that the miners should accept lower wages and longer hours. Somewhere between eight and nine in the evening the Government was to announce to the House of Commons that negotiations had broken down and that a lockout of the miners was inevitable. Just before that hour fleet-winged whispers went round the House that, as the result of a prolonged meeting of the Cabinet, the Government had yielded to the demands for a subsidy, made by the coal owners primarily, as a condition for the withdrawal of their notices, and had requested both sides to meet the Prime Minister at ten o'clock that evening. Of the result of the meeting there could be no doubt. There would be peace—at any rate for a time. Now it is announced that that time is to be nine months during which the conditions of the trade and its problems are to be the subject of a thorough inquiry by a commission.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin

As I have said, the country is mingling trembling with its satisfaction, and well it may, for the circumstances attending this dispute and its settlement are ominous. It arose from a condition of things which of itself was a deadlock. The economic and industrial results of a war fought blindly by unscrupulous propaganda and upon purely military consideration fundamentally changed the relations of British coal production to continental coal production, and developments in the use of oil dealt further heavy blows at the staggering industry. Profits fell, and over large areas of the coal-field did not exist. The usual demand for a reduction in the cost of production followed, and this, to the mind of a body of owners, each working his own pits and having no idea of comprehensive organization, is the same thing as a reduction in wages and an extension of hours. But the miners were not disposed without a fight to go back to an eight-hour day, and they were living upon incomes that were already down to bare living level. For at least twelve months this coming clash was apparent, and before leaving office the Labor Government began preparations for dealing with it. The new Government did nothing, but, as a spectator, saw the clouds gather, and remained in this position till the notices were posted and both sides took up their fighting positions.

The first note of battle sounded by the owners was shrill and selfish. Profits had to be secured first and wages afterward. Two things followed. The whole labor forces came together. Never has such unity been known in the trade-union movement. Every union made the miners' position its own because it felt that if this challenge were successful it would be repeated all along the line and thrown at every trade in turn. The other thing was that public sympathy was with the men. Then the Government acted and pitiably mishandled the problem. It had lost the weeks and months when intervention might have been effective. It included no one with a personality strong enough to battle with the leaders on either side, no one trusted or respected by them; it had no well-thought-out plan. In the end, the only thing that could happen did happen. As in the decaying days of the Roman Empire victorious invaders had to be bought off, so peace had now to be purchased by spending taxpayers' money.

Had the lockout taken place the industries of our country would have been paralyzed within a week. The railways would have been involved from the first hour; the other sections of the transport trades would have followed quickly; gas and electrical works were included in the trade-union scheme of united action. When one visualizes all that that means, and takes into account the passions and tempers that would have been stirred up and the reactions that would have followed, it is seen how very near the country would have been brought to revolutionary conditions. The prospect was undoubtedly appalling, and the sections which believe that governments only yield to force and that direct action against society—that is, the revolutionary method—offers great prospects for improvement in working-class conditions naturally feel that they have scored a fine triumph. They are now able to say that a threat of direct action wrung £10,000,000 from the taxpayers. They overlook the fact that as striking as trade-union unity was the unity of public opinion. The House of Commons and the country were not disposed to restore the coal trade by reducing the mining population to a state of sweated labor, and would not have tolerated a defeat of the miners; but the mishandling of the Government obscured this fact and handed over the honors of war to those who may be inclined to toy with revolution.

Thus has a peace, worth almost any price, been purchased at a riskily high one and with coin that if put into common circulation will ruin the state. The poverty and industrial unsettlement that the war and the Versailles peace have brought upon Great Britain have put, and are still to put, the ingrained constitutional and democratic habits of our people to a severe test. Constitutionalism

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has to justify itself by its results and not only by its logic or its philosophy, and if even in appearance political methods and action are to march in the wake of demonstrations of force, the most constitutional and rational of all the nations will hesitate as to how the flow of progress is to be continued. Fairy tales about the idyllic conditions of Russia, and the rouged and powdered reports of untrained and credulous investigators, fall like seed upon ground well prepared by distress, falling standards, unemployment, and the reactionary policy of a Tory Government, but when to that is added the nourishing rain of what appears to be a surrender to threats the damage must be assessed as being high. The real danger of reaction in the world at the present moment is that it is blind to gathering storms, that it deals with them only when they are entering upon their last phase, and that then it is either so stiff that it challenges right and ranges itself among the powers that doom themselves to destruction by their own folly, or that when sobered at the last moment it cannot do the right thing without appearing to surrender not to justice but to force. That is the history of all revolutions.

For the British Government to have allowed a conflict in the coal industry at the present moment, and in view of the nature of the owners' demands, would have brought upon it the censure of the nation, but its eleventh-hour recognition of the situation and the way it has mishandled its task has undoubtedly strengthened and encouraged, not only legitimate trade unionism, but those subversive elements in the community which it is the duty of everyone who believes in ordered progress to combat. We have peace in the coal-fields for the time being, but the difficulties of trying to convince an impatient and hard-pressed people of the wisdom of democratic methods have been sadly increased. Truly an interesting chapter in the revolutionary effects of reactionary governments.

The American Background*

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

TO show that artists have lived in America, and that they live here now, disposes of the question in its categorical form. Poe lived in New York when it had a population of about 200,000 people, and when the literary market was about what it is in Omaha today, or worse; because modern communication brings Omaha within fifteen hours of New York, and so puts it not greatly farther from the magazine counters than Fordham was in 1840. Whitman lived in America contemporaneously with Poe, and many years after Poe's death; and he managed to sing his songs in spite of hostile publishers who aggravated the poverty which more or less crippled him, and in spite of the onslaughts of the reigning New England school, chiefly Lowell—James Russell, I mean. Emerson lived in America and fared famously while using rebellion against puritanism and orthodoxy as his material. His nature took to plain living and high thinking, and that is a course well adapted to the generally frugal circumstances of the artist's life. Longfellow lived in America and wrote of America, not deeply but by name and place and token. Hawthorne lived in America and wrote of the part of America where he was born and where he grew to maturity. So the list might be amplified with the names of Cooper, Mark Twain, and many others; and artists are living in America today who have done their work in America and of America, and who will do as good or better things in days to come. We have had musicians like MacDowell, and sculptors like St.-Gaudens, who lived and wrought in this land of corn and beef.

Is it asked, then, whether the names of these men are as great as certain names of England? Granting that these men accomplished their course here, might they not have done so better in England, France, Germany, or Italy? Is it not true that some of these countries, by virtue of their more settled life, their greater respect for the artist and his work, and their greater exemption from noise and strife and materialism, are better places to work? To answer these questions requires the careful consideration of many things. But merely by way of suggestion it may be said that if an artist is American to the core, and sticks to the thing he knows and learned with the milk that nourished him, he will lose himself or his material or both in a foreign environment; and next, which is part of the same matter, he will be deprived there of the native irritants which make him not English or French but American. When I hear American novels and poetry compared to English novels and poetry and disparaged in the comparison, as if there were one standard and we had to conform to it or fall below grade, I am inclined to lose patience. We can be receptive to whatever comes from abroad, and at the same time stand by our own. An audience which keeps its face turned eastward may to some extent influence American writers to look eastward too, and it is perhaps remarkable that the American author has not taken his cue from foreign countries more than he has. I should like to see the game reversed a little. For example, it remains for some American dramatist to put Cromwell in a play and in doing so to twist the history, sentimentalize the material, and capture London. I mention these things because the life of the American artist is conditioned by a multitude of factors like this, which bear upon his creative life fully as much as the general problem of financing himself—of which they are, indeed, a part—and fully as much as the turbulence and materialism of the country.

The handicaps upon creative life in America are the sources of our peculiar note, of our individuality, and of our success. This country is our fate, and we cannot escape it. For myself I think it probable that America will yet produce one of the most powerful and distinctive literatures of the world; I share the enthusiasm of Walt Whitman upon this subject and have done so since I began to think and write. When that great apostle of the American epic shout passed from the world I wrote and published an ode which reflected this very conviction; and I retain it still,

* This is the fifth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather, Eugene O'Neill, and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Zona Gale have hitherto contributed.

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in spite of the fact that I see many ways in which our civilization may succumb to the despotism of lard. If we can better our work only by getting away from what we know and are, I see no possibilities of originality or greatness. Just as soon as the Greeks wandered to Alexandria and Italy, and there planted their Athenian culture and began to write, they passed into pale imitations of Plato and into the lesser strains of poetry. An exodus with us might have a better fate, leading to something unique in the combination of Americanism with more cultured growths; but it would not be American. I repeat: for good or evil we are fixed in this place and in this time, and we must make the best of it.

At the time that the "Spoon River Anthology" was published, and up to the time that I published "Domesday Book," I was maintaining a law office in Chicago, in the district called the Loop, amid sounds and sights and smoky air which to visitors seemed horrible but which to me did not seem so. On the contrary, I was habitually thrilled by the psychical cyclone of that place, constantly teased to record in verse the stories of the men who had built the city, the careers of the colorful and unique characters who furnished material day by day for the newspaper paragraphers. I wrote the "Spoon River Anthology" in my law office on slack Saturday afternoons, between telephone calls and the interruptions of calling clients. And when I came to the composition of "Domesday Book" I rented a small room in a tower overlooking the waterfront and Michigan Avenue from which I could see the boats and the gulls and hear the whir of the thousands passing on the pavement a hundred feet below me; and these surroundings stirred my thinking and imagining. They were my background and my material, and my irritants, and so my creative life. I was often asked by visitors from the East, from England and elsewhere, how I could work in such a city of noise, confusion, hate, strife, quarrels, violence; and I habitually answered that I thrived upon all this. I was falsely quoted and requoted as having said that I hated Chicago; I never said it. I did hate these things at times, when they wearied me—as whom would they not? But at the same time I said that they stirred me into expression. Well, surely not the expression of the Ode to the Skylark, or of the Grecian Urn—but what of it? Here is the point: it is in no sense necessary that we shall write what has been written before, or express new phases of the conditions out of which the work of Shelley and Keats came. It is only important that we shall portray in our own way what is our own, and to do this the American writer can live here and must live here.

There are parts of America in the great cities, as well as in the illiterate belts, that are repressive and dull to the last degree. The Baptists, the anti-evolutionists, the Protestant reformers and revivalists, the prohibitionists, in so far as they are articulate, which is far enough, make America peculiarly ridiculous and intolerable. And I can sympathize with any creative mind which does not want to live among them; but at the same time it is possible for a writer to arise among them and celebrate them in sarcastic song, for the delight of the world and for his own immortality. In thinking of other times and other places it is well to rid oneself of the hallucinations incident to the disease called nextplaceitis, and really to visualize the conditions under which such men, for example, as Burns and Voltaire lived. One reads the life of Burns with uncomprehending mind who does not fully realize the tortures and difficulties with which he was beset in that Presbyterian community—a poet to be sure, but so much the worse for him since he was an unsuccessful farmer and a man too fond of Sowter Johnnie and the wine cup. And the greatness of Voltaire consisted as much in the humor with which he could escape arrest by placing his house between the boundaries of France and Switzerland, so that he could dodge out of the back door into Switzerland or out of the front door into France, as it did in the genius with which he pickled in saltpeter the prohibitionists and the clergymen of his day. Of course, this was not the calm art of Goethe; but Voltaire was working out his own material; and being a man of courage and originality he could do nothing else. Even so with us, whatever be the place or the task.

There are all sorts of ways of remaining an American and drawing upon its material and at the same time avoiding the vitiated and pernicious air of its worst quarters. There are country places and retreats in the great cities like Chicago, New York, and San Francisco; better still, there are the growing centers of this immense land where because of the youth of the people and the freshness of the environment there is that love of liberty which so much conduces to the creative life. I recently returned from a long tour of the country for the purpose, in the main, of getting it into my vision and understanding; and the experience renewed that enthusiasm of my first days with Walt Whitman, and of the ode to which I have referred, for this country's possibilities in every realm of art. In Texas, for example, I seemed in the presence of so much vitality, so much interest in beauty and truth, that I could understand better than ever the present sterility of New England—as if it had expressed itself and then become as out of date as its soil. What may not come out of a State with a background as old as that of New England itself, close to the constantly discovered records and myths of the ancient Aztecs and the Mayas; and on her own soil looking back to Mexico, then to Houston, Crockett, and Bowie, then to the days of the Confederacy, and finally to a present wherein her cities are bursting with life and rioting in prosperity? Who that wants to write would go away from Texas in order to live beautifully and write beautiful things in southern France or in London? And one passes from this State to the desert, the mouse-gray mountains, and the level valleys between; to the desert cities where the old gambling hall has given way to the observatory and the bandit retreat in the mountains to the biological laboratory; where all sorts of dreamers and scientists and scholars live under a crystal sky and feel not that there is nothing to write about.

So with California, with San Francisco chiefly, that city whose houses seem like doves perched on cliffs above the gold and purple of the ocean. Who will join hands with George Sterling to sing that city, which is not Rome, and needs no Horace, but which has beauty not beneath Rome and a story colorful enough for any hand! In 1847 all this land was waste, it was desert; and Webster, who impressed himself so mightily upon his time, and had so much to do with the political creed of Lincoln, saw the whole territory west of Missouri as a worthless desert—did all he could to prevent our acquiring it. When the Mormons were trekking across the West in search of a haven beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, the

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war with Mexico came on; and the Mormons were pressed into service in that war, thereby winning for the United States the very land to which the Mormons were marching in order to get away from the government. When they arrived in Utah the American eagle, having preceded them, was perching on the peaks of the Wasatchs. But they stayed and built Salt Lake City, and made the valley of the lake a vast expanse of wheat and grass, of flowers and fruit. Coming out of New England—for there both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were born—how was it that they built a theater at once, laid at once the cornerstone of the present temple, and began to cultivate music and dancing so that today the city is excelled by none in America for intelligence and the love of art. For myself, if I were cribbed and confined in some village of Tennessee I should go to Salt Lake City rather than to Sussex or Normandy.

Manifestly there is more in America to write about than any one has touched upon. Is there opportunity to write it? Is there the native gift to write it? Is there the right critical atmosphere? Whatever undermines a writer's vitality cripples his work. And of crippling things poverty is the worst. The spiritual effect of poverty is disastrous, though to a point it may stimulate. Beyond that it brings discouragement, with a lowered self-confidence and self-esteem. I believe that much good talent is snuffed out by the economic struggle; but I am not sure that it is more so here than in other countries, either now or in times past. It is perhaps true that since the scale of living is not so high in other countries as it is here, and the earnings of writers therefore higher, poverty here does bear harder upon artists than it does elsewhere. In any case I plead for an adjustment of these conditions. I should like to see rich people turn from hospitals and churches, from the sick and from the mendicant, to the well and the strong—the builders of America—and give them a lift. And I should like to see good work become as profitable as sensational work is; for our country is being civilized by those whose devotion and whose labors are not even respectably compensated—at least not until after many years of sacrifice.

In order that artists may do their best work in America I should like to see the critical tone deepened and heightened. It is nothing peculiar to America, nor to this day, that the gentle art of reviewing is complicated with every sort of commercial tangle, every sort of literary politics and propaganda. The strong man will survive against any sort of opposition, almost. But suppose that the constant and stupid dispraise of Dreiser, or before him of Whitman, had broken down that self-esteem and self-confidence which is the capital of any performer, whether he be a prize-fighter or a poet, and at the same time had deprived him of the means of life so that he could not physically bear the battle. Would America not have suffered one of the greatest possible losses? Justice and truth are a nation's divining wands, without which she can neither discover treasures nor keep them.

Poets and creative writers, whether they consciously mean to do so or not, are, in fact, engaged in the work of elevating the scale of feeling and acting, of increasing the sum of things which is called civilization. The satirist exposes absurdity and falsehood and attempts to shame them; the singer transmits the exalted moods which he has extracted from the world of society and nature about him in spite of the materialism with which they are burdened. The novelist portrays passion, ambition, cruelty, and hate as well as devotion, sacrifice, and love, in order that others may see what he has seen. All workers with pen or brush or chisel are logicians of the most delicate and exact methods, if they are really artists; beside them the reasoners in principles of law and statecraft and ethics are athletic logic-choppers.

Working in the midst of this scene called American, writers are bound to reflect what they see and feel, just as they are nourished by it, or irritated into expression on it, or pained by its spectacle. In a word, they are the products of the civilization from which they come; and even where they revolt from it they portray the thing which is rejected. One of the very best illustrations of this is Emerson; for in repudiating puritanism he stated the obverse of that culture in terms of intellectual freedom from its restraints and superstitions.

Now, though I have said that an artist can live in America, I am compelled to record that I do not think highly of the civilization of America, or indeed of civilization anywhere in the world. Confining myself to America, I must say that it is difficult to define its moral standards when I consider its politics and its laws. Shouting the Declaration and the Constitution, we have committed grand larceny right and left in taking the Philippines and Porto Rico, in defining our attitude toward China, and in taxing without representation remote possessions in order to keep unharmed a thieving tariff. Our whole national life is one of falsehood, dishonesty, and hypocrisy. Monopolies control the means of life, and are specially armed by law to do so; and this bears doubly hard upon the thinkers whose minds are preoccupied with thinking for the race instead of getting something for themselves. Business is a form of larceny, and property is robbery. The railroads do practically what they choose; oil and coal and steel and sugar rule the domain—not thought, not beauty, not justice. We as a nation of merchants have made much of the common-law rule that the purchaser must beware what the seller sells—not that the seller must beware what he sells, and for what he sells it.

All this life of lying, swindling, and pretending is coupled with the loudest psalm-singing in the world, with the most bitter theological persecution in the world. The Rockefellers and their kind may fairly be said to be the rulers of the land—together with the beneficiaries of the commercial imperialism which they have created. And they are active in the trivial morality of prohibition and in the enforcement of laws made for them! They would not abolish the tariff or enforce the anti-trust act or enforce the amendments having to do with freedom of speech, the press, religion, and the equal protection of the laws. The churches, which feed upon the provender of the age, profit by the supremacies of the hour, showing by their daily activities that their motive is hate, not love; for they are in bitter quarrels with each other over such idiotic things as the form of baptism, and whether all are saved or only the elect; and whether there is a bodily or only a spiritual resurrection; and whether the Jewish reformer Jesus was born of a virgin or came into life as others have come. In a word the churches today are what they were when Jesus denounced them, and told their elders and preachers that the harlots and publicans would enter the kingdom of heaven before they would. And this is

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our culture and our civilization. This is the culture against which the seers and the poets must make their fight, even while they live in its midst, and deny themselves, and find themselves hobbled and destroyed sometimes by its tyrannies. For the game of the church, the fundamentalists, the mercantile regime, is one of boycott; it is to starve out, to drive out, all who assail the existing order.

To test out this culture, this civilization, let us see how the community, the state, or the nation reacts to a given circumstance. Does it prefer to see a dominant figure kept up or brought down? Does it resent in the name of justice an injustice done to an individual, provided the career of that individual is a luscious sacrifice to the local theology? Will it drape its morality with the confiscated robes of a persecuted character? Will its products spurn the cliques and the factions that care nothing for the organic laws? Will it stand up courageously and truthfully for anything important and just? It will by exception, but not generally. And as to poetry, as to the product of the artist, what does it do? I have no complaint in my own case to make whatever, for my books of poems have been handsomely treated; but in spite of all this self-exalted talk by the 113,000,000 people of this land, how many care about poetry or care whether a poet lives or dies? On the average, a book of poems by a poet of established reputation will not sell 20,000 copies or 10,000 copies or 5,000 copies but generally 1,500 copies or less. What is the matter? Where is this idealistic and spiritual nation? What is our civilization? Is it to be appraised in the light of the fact that the autobiography of a prize-fighter or a book of ephemeral short stories outsells a book of poems by a competent poet? Necessarily this must be the case. To lift the land from such a state is the work of the dreamers and the singers; when man is farther up the hill, this age will look in its spiritual life and reactions as the wooden plow and the hand flail look now to us.

India and Opium

By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS

Calcutta, July 2

TWO thousand three hundred men and women were counted entering one of Calcutta's many government-licensed opium shops in a single day. There are 6,394 opium shops in India selling directly to the consumer, under British government control.

I visited a shop one block from the center of Chowringhee, Calcutta's Fifth Avenue. It was a darkish slit in the wall, just wide enough for a person to squeeze in past a person coming out, but it reached back indefinitely into the darkness. At the edge of the twilight zone crouched a naked sadhu or religious fakir. His long hair, matted with filth and the sacred ashes of cow-dung, hung in ropes about his neck. Streaks of white ash and red paint across his forehead symbolized the god he worships. He wore a rosary of large, brown beads, a small loin cloth tied around his waist with a cord. He was singing hymns in a minor, off-the tune quaver, and he held out a brass begging bowl. He would sit there until enough pice and annas had dropped into his bowl to buy his daily opium. And because of their traditional respect for holy men the Indians would allow him to stay. I have seen a sadhu in every opium shop I have visited, both in the cities and in the villages.

Squatting on a counter, behind a small, iron-barred window, sat a man rolling cubes of sticky, brown opium in a green leaf, and wrapping them, with a deft turn of the wrist, in a bit of newspaper. Beside him sat a man taking in a steady stream of one-anna pieces (two cents) in exchange for the bits of opium.

The line of men waiting to push into the shop were of all sorts: coolies wearing a dingy loin cloth and a rag of dirty turban wound around their heads; dignified-looking Babus—men of the clerical and upper class in fresh white dhotis and tunics of fine linen.

Two cents buys six and three-quarter grains of opium. A friendly man of about fifty who was leaving the shop told me that when he began using it four years ago two cents' worth lasted three days, two doses each day. Now he takes that amount in one day, a dose in the morning on an empty stomach and another at the end of the day's work when he begins to feel fagged again. He illustrated how he tosses it into his mouth and downs it with a swallow of tea. He was amused by my questioning, and wanted to know if I was going to buy some. He solemnly warned me that four cents' worth would kill a beginner. Old addicts, however, take as much as a rupee's worth (35 cents) at a time. Defenders of the licensing system make a great point of the fact that the shop is only permitted to sell a limited amount to any one customer. On inquiry at the shop, however, I found that the limit is one tola, 188 grains, and the customer may buy this amount every day. Also, there is nothing to prevent him making the rounds of the shops, or returning to the same shop five minutes later.

League of Nations medical experts, after careful calculation, estimated an index figure for normal medical consumption of opium—12 pounds per 10,000 of the population in any community. The villages of India average about this figure, but in the cities consumption jumps shockingly. Calcutta uses 288 pounds per 10,000, which is exactly twenty-four times the index rate. The provinces of Burma and Assam also show an alarming situation. In Rangoon the consumption is 216; in Mergui 286; for the whole of Burma, rural districts and all, the average is 56. The Assam consumption is 104 for the entire province.

India is the greatest opium-producing country in the world. The revenue from export opium alone in 1921-1922 was $4,500,000. Opium used in India is sold by the government at cost to the provincial governments, which reap the profit individually. The government profit on opium as a whole is about 40 per cent.

The British Government policy regarding opium is frankly based on the findings of the Royal Commission of 1893. This commission reported that they found "no evidence of extensive moral and physical degradation from the use of opium." This much the defenders of government policy quote, but they neglect to finish the paragraph, which reads: "The whole effects of opium as medically

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considered must be worked out later in detail, upon a careful collation of a large mass of evidence before the commission." This medical investigation was never made.

A minority report by Henry Wilson, M.P., criticized, among other things, the interpretation of the evidence presented. He pointed out that the Indian witnesses who were in favor of the use of opium were the wealthy landlords; those who opposed were journalists, lawyers, teachers, and Indian doctors. This suggests that even in 1893 there was an audible body of Indian opinion opposed to the imperial opium policy.

Dr. S. K. Datta, of the Calcutta Y. M. C. A., in a speech against opium in the National Legislative Assembly in Delhi last March, analyzed the Royal Commission of thirty years ago, and pointed out that the investigation was concerned almost exclusively with the effects of a change of policy on the revenues. It was a financial commission. Only incidentally, and as a fifth heading, did it give an opinion on the absence of "extensive moral and physical degradation" with the qualifications already quoted. Yet on the day following Dr. Datta's speech Sir Basil Blackett, financial member of the Viceroy's Council, rising to present the Government's reply, said: "Now the policy of the Government of India in regard to opium consumption in India is still based on the findings of the Royal Commission of 1893. That commission went very thoroughly into the question of opium consumption in India." And he proceeded to quote the usual sentence about physical and moral degradation, omitting, as usual, the qualifying clause.

Analysis of the vote is even more significant. The original motion had been to eliminate any allowance for the Opium Department from this year's budget, the government demand being $6,000,000. Such a step was recognized as too drastic, and during the debate it was agreed to withdraw this motion in favor of a reduction of $33 on the budget. Reduction of $33 in a grant of six millions is the merest oratorical gesture. It was only intended to symbolize a frown of displeasure on the legislative brow. Yet every Englishman in the Chamber voted against this mild and empty motion, as did the four Indian members who have been knighted, and seven wearing titles of Khan Bahadur and Rai Bahadur. On the other side every man who voted for the motion was an Indian, and most of them were Swarajists and plain Misters, or Babus, as they call them over here. It is incidents such as this which make "the white man's burden" an ironic joke.

In a country where 93 per cent of the people are illiterate, including more than 98 per cent of the women, one may not expect to find bodies like our Woman's Christian Temperance Union making organized campaigns against the drug traffic. But half a hundred Indian social-reform organizations have, for years, been adopting resolutions in favor of the prohibition of liquor and drugs. Four years ago Mr. Gandhi carried on such a successful campaign against opium in Assam that in the following year consumption dropped 42 per cent in some localities, and 60 per cent in one district. The Swaraj Party has consistently opposed the government opium policy, but its efforts have usually been obstructed. During the Congress campaign against opium in Assam the licensed shops were picketed by Congress volunteers. The government retaliated by sending over 1,000 of these pickets to jail, on the charge that they were non-cooperators, and the sentences ran as high as one year.

Indians resent the implications of the British argument that they know how to use opium. Practically all modern states have some form of Dangerous Drugs Act. The British Parliament has recently increased the penalty for possessing opium and the smoking implements from six months' imprisonment to ten years' penal servitude. In India the British legislator waxes eloquent against depriving the poor cultivator of his rights. Mr. W. A. Cosgrave, I. C. S., lives in and represents Assam, where Indian tea coolies use as high as 474 pounds per 10,000 (normal rate 12 pounds). In the Delhi debate already quoted he asked:

> Why should the poor cultivator, living in a malarious tract, be deprived of his dose of opium at the end of his day's work? He can get only two tolas of opium at a time, and he frequently has to go twenty miles to get that two tolas. Why should he not have his dose of opium as much as a rich member of the Legislative Assembly enjoys his glass of wine, or perhaps even two at Maidens Hotel, or the Raisina? [A tola contains 188 grains. A dose of twelve grains means suicide for the average person, so a supply of 376 grains seems adequate for one day.]

One of the most serious phases of India's opium problem is the drugging of babies. The women who work in the mills of Bombay and Calcutta give their babies opium in the morning so that they will sleep all day and not interrupt their mothers at work by crying to be nursed. The women in the villages who work in the fields dope their babies before they go so that they will not waken and cry in their absence. There are estimated to be over 50,000,000 in India who never are able to satisfy their hunger. Poor women of this class who have not enough milk to nurse their babies give them opium to stop their crying from hunger.

Dr. Mistri, a woman doctor holding a government appointment on the Bombay side, estimates that 90 per cent of Hindu children and 75 per cent of Mohammedan are kept continuously drugged from birth until they are two years old. A physician in the Central Provinces estimates that 90 per cent of the babies in his district are doped. In a recent speech Lady Wilson, wife of the Governor of Bombay, quoted doctors and social workers who, "knowing the facts," had told her that 98 per cent of the mothers working in the cotton mills of Bombay dope their babies regularly before they go to work, and as a result the infant mortality of Bombay had run to the appalling figure of 666 per thousand.

Indians also resent what they consider to be the Government's generally evasive attitude in regard to opium. They resent the fact that in Assam, where the opium evil is the most acute of any province in India, the Government has shown itself not only indifferent to the situation but obstructive. As far back as 1921 the Assam legislature passed a resolution providing for progressive limitation of the use of opium by registration of all present users and refusal to sell to new users. Such a system was successfully introduced in Burma thirty years ago, when the situation became acute. The resolution was passed by a majority of 26 to 13, and all the votes in favor of the resolution were, as usual, Indian—with the exception of one European doctor. Three years later, in 1924, Sir W. Read announced in Legislative Council, "I want to correct one misunderstanding. We never definitely undertook to reduce by 10 per cent each year . . ." and nothing has been done.

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Against this background it is interesting to read quotations in the press from Earl Winterton's speech before the House of Commons last winter. Earl Winterton, who is Under Secretary of State for India, stated that the view of the Government of India, "based on the findings of the Royal Commission of 1893," is "that centuries of experience had taught the people of India discretion in the use of prepared opium, which was, for the most part, without injurious consequences."

A Turkish Divorce

By LOUISE BRYANT

THE Pasha has divorced his wife. Kemal has sent Latife Hanoum back to her father's home in Smyrna, from which he plucked her abruptly four years ago when his victorious army drove the last of the Greeks into the sea. Thus ends a romance which promised once to alter the history of the Near East, killed presumably by the slow poison which has been fatal to so many romances—childlessness.

When Kemal married Latife, Turkey was at his feet. He had accomplished the impossible. In a defeated, exhausted, starving, devastated country, by the strength of his own will he had created an army which annihilated the Greek invaders and shamed their British supporters. There was a Sultan-Caliph in Constantinople, but he was the symbol of defeat and disgrace, and Kemal was the symbol of rebirth and victory. He was the hero of Islam.

The Sultan, moreover, had not merely opposed the Kemalist revolt with all the moral force at his command as Caliph of Islam but had sent his troops against the Kemalists and set a price on Kemal's head. It was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that the Sultan would be deposed. But Kemal was not content with the mere deposition of the Sultan. He abolished the Sultanate, established a republic, divorced church and state, and permitted the heir to the throne to assume only the title of Caliph. It was commonly believed in Turkey at the time that this was but the first of a series of acts which would end in Kemal assuming the Sultanate, as Louis Napoleon's early political moves had ended in his assumption of the title of Emperor. And when Kemal married Latife, the beginning of a new dynasty seemed imminent. She was the daughter of the richest man in Turkey, a Smyrna merchant, and he was expected to supply the one thing Kemal needed: money.

Kemal's subsequent acts strengthened the impression that he intended some day to assume the Sultanate. He established a government which possessed certain outward forms of a democratic republic but was in reality a dictatorship. He was President of the Republic, with vast civil powers. He was commander-in-chief of the army. He was, in addition, president of the single chamber of the Grand National Assembly, and president of the only political party which existed in that Assembly. His will was law, and he began to behave in a manner consistent with the best traditions of the most autocratic of the sultans. He endured no opposition or advice from even his closest friends and supporters. One by one the able, courageous patriots who had helped him to drive out the Greeks were pushed out of the Government. Raouf Bey, Ali Fuad Pasha, Kaizim Karabekir Pasha, Refet Pasha, all the men of independent character and ability who had surrounded him, were replaced by men utterly subject to his will. Of distinguished figures Ismet Pasha and Fethi Bey alone remained. Kemal alternated them in the post of prime minister and they carried out his orders. Thereupon he began to take the expected steps against the House of Osman. He hedged the Caliph with restrictions until the spiritual head of Islam was practically a prisoner in the palace of Dolma Bagtche. Then he dismissed the Caliph altogether, exiled him, and at the same time exiled all other members of the House of Osman. Men, women, and children, all were bundled over the Turkish border. The stage seemed set for a Kemalist dynasty. But there was no dynasty in sight. Latife was childless.

In the Western world rivers of ink have been spilled describing the beauty, talents, courage, intelligence, progressivism, and charm of Latife. Few such rivers have run in Turkey. For Latife is not the bravest, most beautiful, most intelligent, and most charming of Turkish women. She is the richest. She is a woman of strong will, independent character, little beauty or charm, ambitious, dictatorial, jealous. She at once caused the disappearance from Angora of Halide Edib Hanoum, who had fought through the war at Kemal's side. And she showed a distinct aversion to the utilization, politically or educationally, of the hundreds of extremely able and self-sacrificing women who compose the Turkish upper class. She was, in fact, distinctly hostile to them. And naturally hostile, for she is a middle-class merchant's daughter. There is a snobbery in Turkey, a rather magnificent snobbery, a snobbery which permits the beys to be intimate friends of their boatmen or gardeners, to sip coffee or smoke a cigarette with a soldier, but does not permit social intercourse with those who live by trade and barter, whether millionaires or pawnbrokers. For centuries traffic with goods and money has been the business of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. The upper class and the lower class in Turkey respect and honor each other; they join in despising the business man. Latife therefore knew quite well that though she might occupy the Sultana's apartments in the palace of Dolma Bagtche she could never enter a Bosphorus drawing-room.

Kemal knew the same thing. Kemal perhaps did not care, much. He had lived roughly all his life, taking his pleasures after the manner of a soldier or a sailor on leave. He was fond of a rather wild evening now and then. After the advent of Latife there were no more wild evenings. The two lived in the closest domesticity in Angora. A six-room house was their home—a small space in which to confine two temperaments so wilful. Too small a space, evidently.

The dismissal of Latife means nothing to the women of Turkey. She was never a leader of the women's movement of her country. Such a movement exists. It asked her direct cooperation. She refused. Nezieh Hanoum of Constantinople is perhaps the outstanding leader of the movement, and Halide Edib Hanoum is its brightest star. But in the old houses of Stambul and in the Yalis on the banks of the Bosphorus there are hundreds of magnificent women, like Madame Ferouk Bey, who are as completely women of the world as any to be found in London or Paris or New York—brilliant women, superbly educated, tolerant and progressive. They hope to achieve woman suffrage before many years have passed, but the greater part of their time and all their money are at present being utilized in caring for the hundreds of thousands of orphans and refugees who are starving in Turkey today. They have

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had a lonely fight to save the lives of the sufferers. The Near East Relief rushed to rescue the Greeks who had left Turkey under the exchange of populations, but no one helped the Turks. The Near East unhappily collects its funds by propaganda urging Christians to save fellow-Christians from the horrible Turks, and its expenditures for the aid of Turks have been negligible. Therefore the Turkish women, who need the aid of a Hoover, battle alone to save their children. The infant mortality in Turkey at present is over 60 per cent. Forty per cent of the returned refugees died during the first year, mostly from starvation. Such conditions do not leave women much time to think about suffrage.

Speculations as to Kemal's future actions are idle. He is still President of the Turkish Republic, but an opposition party, led by Raouf Bey, now confronts him in the Assembly. He has done his best, but he is not a constructive statesman, and his natural and inevitable mistakes have deprived him of his aura of greatness. He will always remain the savior of Turkey in her darkest hour, but he is no longer the half-god which he was three years ago. The possibility that he might now assume the Sultanate seems infinitely remote. His star has passed its zenith. To found a dynasty one must have a family, and he suspects, perhaps, that his lack of an heir was not altogether Latife's fault.

In the Driftway

ALTHOUGH there are times when the Drifter, like every other person, finds himself thoroughly dissatisfied with his job, for the most part he regards the occupations of others with a distinctly superior air. He has caught himself wishing he could go out and tap maple trees in the February woods and busy himself with the making of sugar; but this is usually in July, when the thought of rising on a cold, snowy morning is pleasant and vague; in February, on the other hand, the thought of hay-making in July is comforting. These periods of envy are rare and have more to do with the weather than with any real dislike of his ordinary life. Most of the time he is content; occasionally he is raised to a pitch of horror by the contemplation of a job that is not his.

* * * * *

HE read, the other day, for example, of an official taster, whose task it was to taste, without swallowing, samples of the culinary art. For more than seven hours this unhappy man was kept at his work; he took two rest periods when he sucked lemons to restore his palate; otherwise he swallowed nothing, but merely rolled the morsels of food around on his tongue. Corned beef and cabbage, fricassee of chicken, hash, fillet of sole, each repeated ad nauseam, came before the taster and were judged. At the end of his ordeal he complained that although he was unable to eat a bite of any kind of food, he was much hungrier than when he started. The Drifter would like to nominate this man for a Carnegie medal for heroism. How different his job was from the earlier position of taster to a great lord; then a generous portion of the dish was served up to the sampler, enough to kill him if by any chance a careless cook had dropped poison in the plate. But the poisoned plates must have been few in number compared with the sound and healthful ones. Many a time the taster must have been able to smack his lips and rub his stomach before passing the dish on to his master; if at last he frothed at the mouth and rolled under the table it was only after a great row of noble dishes, stretching over a number of days, had contributed to his happiness. And even in dying, he had the consolation of having saved his master's life.

* * * * *

IN Atlantic City an occupation has been unearthed which appeals to the Drifter's imagination more than does tasting, in any of its forms. Circulars captured by the unsympathetic police set forth the goods and powers of a Voodoo doctor in restoring the happiness of his patients. Black Cat's Ankle Dust could be had for $500; Black Cat's Wishbone for $1,000; King Solomon's Marrow, being scarce, also brought $1,000; Easy Life Powder, strangely enough, sold for the modest price of $100; Tying Down Goods, guaranteed to keep the affections of a husband or wife, cost only $50; Chasing Away Goods, also $50, was efficacious in eliminating undesirable suitors; and for $15 could be obtained what the Drifter has often longed for—Boss Fix Powders, not designed, as the name might indicate, to do away with an employer permanently, but to make him happy and content with the work of his employee. Here is an occupation so far superior to the unpleasant one of tasting that the Drifter has considered exchanging his own for it. There is only one disadvantage: it seems to conflict with the law, and in all his years of drifting he has never yet been put in jail as a result of his manner of earning a livelihood.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Birthday Greetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a Negro, born August 9, 1858—an ex-slave. Your late grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, advocated absolute freedom of the Negro slaves in the United States. Freedom came to the Negro slaves in the United States, and you in company with others have advocated absolute justice for the emancipated slave and his descendants.

I am taking this medium to thank you for the good things you have said through your columns of *The Nation* during the past sixty years. I beg you to continue to advocate justice for the Negro, and all other races of men.

Raleigh, North Carolina, July 12 T. L. McCOY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a loyal supporter of *The Nation* for a number of years. Though I do not always agree with its opinions I invariably respect its courage and (to me this is quite as important) admire its *manner*. Nothing, I feel, is more needed in America than an energetic and fearless minority organ, for an intelligent minority is the salt of a democracy. So here is a long and prosperous life to *The Nation!*

Barnstown, Massachusetts, July 17 ELLEN GLASGOW

There are three papers which I *want* as well as *take*, and these are the *Saturday Review*, *Books*, and *The Nation*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sixtieth anniversary *Nation* has just been delivered, and I have had time to read some and nibble at all the "stories," but I cannot resist the urge to send at once my warmest congratulations.

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What a record, and what an issue! Worthy inheritor of great forebears. And I was touched by the modesty of your gallant dear mother. *She's* a light-bearer! And I am proud to know that she is, always has been, and ever will be, gracious and charming in all her purposeful days and gracious allegiance. It costs a good deal to have character, but it's worth it—whether the price is paid by people or papers.

Westport, Connecticut, June 27 LILLIAN D. WALD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me congratulate you on the sixtieth anniversary number, full of history, wisdom, and fun. As I turn from reading it an old story rises from the depth of forgetfulness, with its mighty lines: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

Pittsburgh, June 30 BAYARD H. CHRISTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is amazing and gratifying to meet a sixty-year old possessing such freshness of youth, energy, and intrepidity. In this sad time when the country of free thought and opinion is to be induced to return to mental middle age, it is a real comfort to know that freedom of the word has such a fearless and efficacious champion.

The Nation is the bearer of valuable suggestions and information every week; for the newspaper I manage [*Der Abend*] it is the source of most important information about the political, social, and mental life in the United States.

Vienna, July 16 CARL COLBERT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: [By cable] CONGRATULATIONS SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY *NATION* WORLD'S BEST WEEKLY.

Paris, July 4 WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you go on, as in these last years, we shall all feel that European radicalism can look to America for a help which will not fail.

London, July 13 H. J. LASKI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It warmed my heart to see in the sixtieth anniversary issue of *The Nation* your tender tribute to the memory of the editors and collaborators who builded well and made *The Nation* what it is today.

But my heart sank when I missed the name of one who introduced me to *The Nation* in 1883, one year after I came to the United States. He was so modest and humble that notwithstanding his weekly contributions to the pages of *The Nation,* which began with the first issue in 1865 and continued uninterruptedly until the very week he died in 1888, his name never appeared under his writings—not once. I refer to Michael Heilprin.

Denver, Colorado, July 1 C. D. SPIWAK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I heartily congratulate you on the sixtieth anniversary of *The Nation.*

It is a great service to the people. More power to your right arm!

New York, July 16 ABRAM I. ELKUS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On this, the sixtieth anniversary of *The Nation,* we, the members of the Johnson C. Smith University Club of New York City, an organization of over one hundred Negro college men, in deep respect and profound gratitude, tender to you as editor our sincerest thanks for your years of useful service in the cause of all humanity.

New York, July 11 J. EGERT ALLEN, President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is for my own pleasure and satisfaction that I send you a few lines of congratulation on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of your glorious paper. "Long may it wave!"

Your page on the immortal La Follette is a grand testimonial to one who belonged to the noble company of those "who spoke the truth to their own hurt."

Georgetown, Delaware, July 4 SARAH S. RICHARDSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Truth is a sword
Forged in the forge of Justice.

May these words of a great leader of democracy, Johann Jacoby, be your humble subscriber's greeting on your sixtieth anniversary.

Justice, figuratively speaking, is blind, but the judge administering it must be open-eyed, broad-minded, unprejudiced. Your publication has always endeavored to promote these principles.

Palo Alto, California, July 1 E. SCHWARZSCHILD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation's* ecstatic birthday jubilee reminds one of that celebrated metaphorical description of the Bride of Christ: one foot planted firmly on the Rock of Ages, the other pointed heavenward. Gee! You do hate yourself! May not your readers hope that by the time you are seventy you will take all these hoary aeons more as a matter of course?

This self-congratulatory effusiveness puts a crimp into the enthusiasm of your admirers. How can we add, even in our thoughts, to what you have already said about yourself? You shame our wildest praise. Thank God, the regular contributions were not crowded off your pages.

May you have many happy returns, but not *so darn* happy.

St. Louis, July 1 G. H. BISHOP

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are publishing a very inspiring magazine; may you enjoy prosperity during the next sixty years. I hope to read the hundred and twentieth anniversary number and all between now and then.

Paxton, Indiana, July 2 HUDSON S. DAILEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, as a niece who was exceedingly fond of her uncle, tell you how much touched Mr. Pollak's family were to find him included among those to whom the sixtieth anniversary number of *The Nation* is dedicated? There is nothing, I am sure, that could have proved a greater source of pride to him than to have his memory linked with that of the men whom he so greatly honored, and whose achievements as editors of *The Nation* he held to have been of such high service to his country.

New York, June 28 AMY LOVEMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations on the sixtieth birthday issue! I am the pleased recipient of a Christmas present of *The Nation* for this year. Long life!

Manchester, Vermont, July 2 S. N. CLEGHORN

P. S.—Say a word for the animals, won't you? This earth doesn't belong to us alone!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't need to tell you how great an esteem I feel for the courage and the energy you have displayed for so many years. We Germans especially have every reason to be thankful to you for the strenuous fight you have fought in our behalf since the war, and I certainly do agree with every word Count Kessler says in his message for the anniversary issue.

Washington, June 29 MAX JORDAN, Washington correspondent, *Berliner Tageblatt*

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To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Magazines like *The Nation*, especially sixtieth anniversary numbers, are indeed an intellectual delight and moral treat. It gives me great pleasure to increase its circulation and aid in killing the shams of war and so-called patriotism, among the biggest dehumanizing forces in the world.

St. Charles, Missouri, July 5 W. C. Fuhr,
Editor, *Banner-News*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is surprising to notice how many congratulations on *The Nation's* sixtieth birthday have come from Southern newspapers. The *State* of Columbia, South Carolina, paints a terrific portrait of a pacifist paper:

> The New York *Nation* . . . celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of as notable a fighting career as has ever fallen to the lot of any man or journal of America. It clambered over the gunwales of existence with knife in teeth, a pistol in each hand, and muttering dark curses on tyrannies and oppressions and lies through its matted beard. It was sired by Mars and damned by Roosevelt. . . . It was the first skirmish line of pioneers, or the shock troops that smashed the center of the foe and opened gateways and long trails to freedom. . . . Whether one joined in these ululant and berserker frays, or held aloof and watched the swayings of the fight, one shared in the savage joy of the clanging battle. *The Nation* "carried the fight" into the very heart of things, and considered immeasurable or innumerable odds merely as conferring a greater opportunity for glory and spoil. It had the instincts of a Bedouin or a Bayard for choosing the underdog in the fight, and the zeal of a Coligny or a "Stonewall" Jackson for dying for lost causes that are immortal.

Atlanta, July 22 M. T.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Republican* of this city observes that you do not accept the slogan of Decatur. On the contrary: "*The Nation* says: 'My Country, she is so apt to be wrong that I had better take a whirl at her every now and then, and leave to some nit wit the task of defending her.'"

Fresno, California, July 1 W. A.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I first knew *The Nation* in Mr. Godkin's regime, and met him personally a few times when I was a post-graduate student at Cambridge many years ago.

I have not subscribed for *The Nation* because I see it at two clubs where I find it most convenient to do my periodical reading. When I retire to my tusculum I shall be on your list.

Boston, June 29 Victor S. Clark,
Editor, *The Living Age*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Please accept my warmest congratulations on the excellent sixtieth anniversary number of *The Nation*. I may be somewhat prejudiced by the kind word which you printed in regard to the *Independent*, but after making due allowance for that prejudice, both Mr. Danielson and I feel that this particular issue is extraordinarily good.

Boston, July 1 Christian A. Herter

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Big Stick*, a Jewish humorous weekly of this city, salutes you with a poem the last verse of which follows:

אלט איז זעכציג יאהר די „ניישאן",
נאר פריש איז זי און יונג נאך:
עס שרעקט מאדאם רעאקציע זיך
פאר „ניישאן'ס" שארפען צונג נאך

New York, July 3 T. M.

Morality and Clothes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Anent Clothes, in the July 15 *Nation*, might not a definition of morality be: "Morality consists in preventing others from doing what we ourselves will do if we can?"

Seattle, July 15 C. E. Payne

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is curious that Mr. Byington's lengthy discussion on Clothes and the lack of them carefully refrains from pointing out that it is not what one wears but how one wears it that makes clothes appear moral or immoral. The objection against lack of clothes is based on the apparent fact that a large number of women reduce their coverings to a minimum not for health or comfort but for show—exactly as the display of nakedness on the stage, which Mr. Carroll defended as art, may be art but is not born of any desire to serve art but entirely on the desire to coin nakedness into cash. Perhaps a continuation of present modes of the street and the theater would result in the acceptance of new standards, but the chances are the new modes will not last long enough. Civilization thrives in climates which require coverings most of the year, and this fact alone will prevent any reversion to the modes of the jungle. This is not a question of morals but of good sense, a quality in which a good many modern writers appear to be lacking, because it happens to be the fashion also to show as little reverence for the experience of mankind as for the most obvious necessities of good taste.

El Paso, Texas, July 15 Edward D. Tittmann

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Steven Byington may be interested to learn, in connection with Clothes, that recently a two-year-old baby was arrested by the "scientific police" of Berkeley, our university town, because said baby had escaped from his front garden while taking a sun bath in nature's own, and strolled down the street clad only in his shoes. A tremendous agitation, with newspaper scareheads, ensued, and the scandalized neighbors tried (in vain) to force the baby's mother not to allow sun baths in the future. A stronger lock on the garden gate was the only result, but three Sacramento mothers felt it necessary to secure police permission before they followed the same procedure with their babies.

San Francisco, July 21 Miriam Allen de Ford

Falstaff and His "Green Fields"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 29 there is a letter signed M. T. L. Gannett which ascribes to George Riddle the suggestion that when Falstaff, on his deathbed, spoke of "green fields" he was really repeating the twenty-third Psalm. My impression is that it was not Mr. Riddle but another Shakespearean reader, Mr. Locke Richardson, who first made this suggestion. At all events, I heard him say so. It has occurred to me that the suggestion is strengthened if we take the Folio reading: "a table of green fields," which is always called nonsense, and which Theobald emended, to be also a confused rendering from the hostess of "Thou preparest a table."

Grindstone City, Michigan, July 27 Wm. Lyon Phelps

Speaking of Shanghai

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In re Shanghai, this sentence from Macaulay's "Lord Clive" bombs the mind: "With all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race."

Seattle, July 24 Arthur Rarig

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Books

The Box

By MARGUERITE ARNOLD

A dozen times she washed her hands
And moved, frail-pink, across the hall,
And sat combing her pale-gold hair,
And sat staring against the wall.

Outside the sea would roar its blue
Against the plumeless white of her.
Along the sill a tawny cat
Would lie, and daintily stretch and purr.

Her eyes were green as icebergs are.
Carved she was of a marble shaft;
Pearly she was, with the luster gone.
She combed her hair, and she was daft.

And when her sister's child came home,
Crying out beyond the stair,
A look came on of a wild-cat thing
Brought to bay in a jungle lair.

A jade-green box, milky with light,
She loved to hold. A day she sits,
The child laughs out, she gets her up
And hurls it, and laughs at the sorry bits.

The child not hers; the box a well
Of the empty loves and the clapperless bell;
And of what sad reckoning she was born
Only a father and mother can tell.

The Problem of Donne

John Donne. A Study in Discord. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne. By Evelyn M. Simpson. Oxford University Press. $5.

THESE two studies, very different in their approach and in their scope, contribute to the satisfaction of a rapidly growing interest. Mrs. Simpson's investigation is cast in the traditional academic mold and possesses in a high degree the virtues of its kind. It contains a careful bibliographical description as well as a summary of the contents of Donne's various prose writings, which in view of their scarcity is a very useful thing to have. But it does more than that. It supplies a careful biographical sketch which corrects in certain important details statements made by Gosse and offers a critical analysis of Donne as man of letters, as theologian, and as thinker. A feature of additional importance is the printing of thirty-two letters and one sermon not hitherto published, so that the book becomes in every way indispensable to a student of Donne.

Mr. Fausset's book is an interpretation of the personality of Donne and provides much livelier reading than Mrs. Simpson's. The writer is one of those critics who care a great deal more about the meaning of facts than about the facts themselves. It might not be unfair to say that the facts matter scarcely at all to his vision of the truth. At any rate he does not seem to have taken excessive pains to make sure that his information was correct. He read Gosse's Life and let it go at that. Gosse, for instance, was much troubled by the discovery of evidence that Donne, in his anxiety to gain favor with the Earl of Somerset, had played a conspicuous and unworthy part in the divorce proceedings of the notorious Lady Essex, the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury. Now it turns out that the Donne who figures so prominently in the scandalous annulment proceedings was not the future Dean of St. Paul's but a Dr. Daniel Donne, Dean of Arches; a fact which could have been ascertained by consulting an authority no more recondite than the Dictionary of National Biography. Mr. Fausset, however, declares simply and roundly that the divorce was obtained largely through Donne's subtle advocacy. In another instance Gosse attempts, by an arbitrary arrangement of the Elegies, to trace the story of Donne's passion for a married woman. It is a fair enough procedure, as he permits us to follow the line of his reasoning and to lend or withhold belief according to our judgment. But the reader of Mr. Fausset's book does not receive the least inkling of there being anything hypothetical in the narrative. The stages in the affair are recounted as if all its circumstances were based on the most solidly authenticated proofs, and Donne's violent poetic language is made the basis of a severe censure of his conduct. In smaller matters, too, there appears this fondness for dramatic simplification. Whereas Gosse mentions but properly brands as foolish a legend concerning the death of Elizabeth Drury, the young girl in whose memory Donne composed the Anatomy of the World, Mr. Fausset repeats it in such a way as to suggest that it has some color of truth—doubtless because it sounds more interesting. So much for the soundness of Mr. Fausset's scholarship. Now for his critical insight.

It is clear that the writer of this book belongs to that modern school of biographers whose object it is to find the simple solution of all human enigmas, to tear asunder the intricate folds of a man's heart and expose its palpitating mystery to naked view. The attraction of Donne for such an anatomist must have been irresistible. No life has been more puzzling to the mere student of literature. It is a story of energies at first freely and recklessly indulged, then subjugated by the severe moral discipline of a hostile fate, and at last finding complete satisfaction in working fruitfully upon masses of men. Such a statement, it is true, tends to excessive simplification. In his new sphere Donne was not that incarnation of flawless sanctity whom Izaak Walton has lovingly portrayed. Aside from native faults of temper there was doubtless a certain decay of character, resulting from nearly twenty years of poverty and dependence, which accounts for actions that do not seem fitting in a self-forgetful servant of God. Besides, the Dean of St. Paul's was likely by his own utterances to give an exaggerated notion of the vitality of his old worldly passions. The ordinary critic would be ready to recognize the imperfections in Donne and read in them the evidence of the incompleteness to which man is doomed in his efforts to override the flesh; but such a reading would seem quaintly old-fashioned to Mr. Fausset.

What Mr. Fausset himself very simply sees in Donne's activity as a preacher is evidence of the persistence of all the sensual cravings of his youth, of a mind crippled and distorted by the frustration of desire, of a life whose consummation was bitterness and defeat. He tells us that Donne's confessions of sin leave no doubt that he still had "an intense craving for physical indulgence which he could not harmonize by any doctrine of 'grace' or exorcize by religious formulas," that he loved God "with the same baffled sensuality, though he called it a 'holy amorousness,' with which he had loved his mistresses," that "his fear of hell was the exact complement of his disgusted satiety"; in short, that "he was as sensual in his later asceticism as in his earlier indulgence." He finds the strongest arguments for his thesis in the dramatic circumstances attending the delivery of Donne's last sermon, in his

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preparations for death, and the planning of his own monument. Looking at the countenance chiseled in that monument, he reads the history of "a mind and a body forever at warfare, of senses tormented by greed and weariness, and a soul strangled with self-disgust, of one forever defeated and forever unconquerable."

We are grateful to Mr. Fausset for his good taste in studiously avoiding the jargon of psychoanalysis. His book is easy to read, and if regarded as a work of creative imagination it is an admirable piece of writing. It makes the rough places in Donne's character extremely plain and the high places rather low. There are intellectual puzzles in Donne even more baffling than the moral, and these Mr. Fausset hardly touches on. That Donne, who was steeped in medieval theology and preached the literal truth of every detail in the Old Testament, should have thrilled responsively to the discoveries of Galileo is in itself strange enough, and is rendered still stranger when we recall that the most conspicuous scientific mind in England, that of Bacon, completely ignored these discoveries. The age of the Renaissance teems with such contradictions. Some critics make allowance for the subtlety and complexity of certain human beings or painfully seek explanations in a study of the multiple and diverse phenomena which occur in a period of intellectual fermentation. But to Mr. Fausset all this no doubt would appear irrelevant. He is clearly convinced that the science of Dr. Freud supplies the pass-key wherewith every mystery of human nature may be unlocked.

JACOB ZEITLIN

The Atom Explained

Atoms and Rays. By Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Company. $3.

Chemistry and Atomic Structure. By J. D. Main Smith. D. Van Nostrand Company. $3.75.

The A B C of Atoms. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Atoms and Electrons. By J. W. N. Sullivan. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

Recent Developments in Atomic Theory. By Leo Graetz. Translated by Guy Barr. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

IT was only eight years ago that the word subatomic was first generally applied to the numerous phenomena which involve material units smaller than the atom. These include radioactivity, gaseous ionization, electronics, X-rays, spectroscopy, positive rays, isotopes and atomic structure, and probably also photochemistry and even crystal structure. It was then, as now, the forefront of research. But a part was physics and part was chemistry. The knowledge was divided among two groups of men who saw the subject from two different points of view—the chemists looking at matter and the physicists looking at energy. This list of books is representative of the dozen or more published within the year which are not so much accounts of really new work as they are correlations of the discoveries in various fields related to the fundamental problem of the structure of matter and of energy. There is here no real distinction between chemistry and physics or between matter and energy. Basically they merge and neither is comprehensible without the other. The science of hylonomy—if I may suggest a new name—the study of matter in its essence, energy-matter, underlies all other sciences. Each of these books is an introduction to it.

None of the authors has himself contributed research to this science, with the possible exception of Sir Oliver Lodge. His prepossession with the ether has produced invaluable knowledge, but Einstein and the quantum theory have necessitated a complete revision of this fundamental concept and that is yet to come. As atomic structure has displaced relativity in popular discussion, so, no doubt, the ether is next in line. But for the purposes of the present book it is a handicap to interpolate an ether a billion times more dense than water and endowed with contradictory properties that will soon be restated in terms of more modern knowledge. Sir Oliver, properly, speaks for the ether and ingeniously tries to give it a place in the newer scheme of things. But it belongs with metapsychics in the realm of the unknown, and the average reader would fare better were it omitted. Further than this one cannot criticize the distinguished author. His wide vision and paternal speech make reading easy. It is a book, however, for the technical man who uses algebra and is not afraid to study.

Bertrand Russell's book is happy reading for everyone who thinks. He omits all mathematics and most details but gives a lucid picture of the trend of thought in this subject. He attempts no proofs but does give an excellent picture of the type of experiment and the nature of the reasoning employed.

Mr. Sullivan addresses the same audience but in textbook style. His book is a good one to keep on the desk for use in an argument. It is crowded with facts and with the conclusions of today. It also omits all mathematics and experiments, but it is informative rather than educating or interesting. Undigested facts do not satisfy. If science has anything to contribute to civilization it is a manner of thought, an insistence on understanding. But if that be obtained elsewhere this book gives an excellent record of our knowledge.

The six lectures by Professor Graetz are well-constructed summaries of as many topics. He goes to the bottom of each in scholarly fashion and has produced a book which will serve for either the chemist or the physicist who is interested in the subject but does not know the contributory evidence from the other science. Its pace is slightly too swift for the layman.

Dr. Main Smith has just missed a conspicuous achievement. He has rewritten theoretical chemistry from the point of view of today's atomic structure, and has examined the old theories critically in this light. His first ten chapters, three-fourths of the book, however, are merely a skilful restatement of the old material, including all the awkward gropings after the concept of atoms and molecules and the apologetic conclusion that matter "acts as if" it were atomic in structure. In several excellent chapters on modern physics we then discover that atoms really do exist, and the chemical generalizations are reexamined. These last chapters are excellent. But this historical presentation seems unfortunate. It is pity enough that chemists for a century could not grasp the atom as a fact. That time is now gone and the study of chemistry no longer begins with the law of multiple proportions and formula weights. Logically it begins with cathode rays and electrons and radioactivity—with atomic physics, in short. With physics to prove that the atom is a fact and to map roughly its constitution, chemistry can discard half of the round-about nineteenth-century logic and can start bravely with the atom. Dr. Smith's book would have charmed a wide public if he had had more courage, and it would have brought much nearer the day when chemistry can be presented to beginners as a deduction from a few fundamental concepts. The chapters on Alfred Werner's stereochemical work are particularly good and would alone justify the study of the book by chemists.

And who reads these books? Not those who have specialized in the subject or advanced students in college, for they require the exhaustive treatment of original articles in scientific journals. Not the college undergraduate, for there are few professors who can recast their ancient teaching into the new forms; the reviewer knows of no college in which electricity is taught to beginners as a matter of electrons—everywhere it is still Ben Franklin's positive and negative two-fluid flow. And, of course, not the man in the street. There remain those who "had a course" in chemistry or in physics years ago Scientific writers are attempting to bring such persons up to date, and any of these books will do the trick. A shower of books on the atom, coming so soon after a similar interest in

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Einstein and relativity, is a symptom that is keenly encouraging to those who hope that civilization can use science for more than a provider of fool-proof material contraptions.

GERALD L. WENDT

Fiction of the Revolution

The Ninth of November. By Bernhard Kellermann. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

We. By Eugene Zamiatin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Stella Defiant. By Clare Sheridan. Greenberg, Publisher. $2.

THE first of these novels pictures the Germany of 1918 breaking up under the strain of war and misery. The second imagines a society, a thousand years in the future, cracking dangerously under the strain of peace and standardized happiness. The third presents a young woman with copper hair in silhouette against revolutionary post-war backgrounds. This Stella cannot be taken seriously. She is seeking truth and freedom. What she finds is less abstract: an Irishman and an Englishman, her husbands in succession; a prime minister in pajamas; a syphilitic Russian refugee artist in Berlin, a sadist, who loves her and beats her ("I'm syphilitic," he says. "What's that?" she asked); a White Russian and a Red one; a thinly disguised Mussolini, savagely amorous; and a chaste and philosophical Turk who has a fez and a prayer-rug, and a home on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, with Byzantine columns against which Stella poses like a Lord Leighton virgin in Greek draperies. The Turk provides her with a philosophy and a baby. This demi-Turkish baby, with its blue almond-shaped eyes, she believes to be a reincarnation of her English-Irish infant, killed in the Irish revolution. Stella feels that her true home is in Russia, and tries hard to secure a visa. But in the end she decides to remain in Stambul, and tattoos her almond-eyed baby on his black birth-mark with the red hammer and sickle of the Soviets, dedicating him to the search for truth and justice.

The only point of contact between "Stella" and "The Ninth of November" is the red flag, symbol of an ill-defined hope of freedom. Young Ackermann, the idealist, who dreams of brotherhood and peace and love, sees the red flag floating from the Russian embassy in Berlin, and hails this light from the East, this dawn of a new day. The granite-faced General von Hecht-Babenberg sees it, too, and is stricken with fear. And we read about it now and think of the recent election of Hindenburg. In the effort to give a comprehensive picture of the miserable Germany at the close of the war, Kellermann has focused on the general, his household and connections, and on a host of minor figures who never become deeply interesting or fully convincing. And yet it is a powerful book in its way. Berlin itself takes on a kind of life that compensates for the lack of interest in the individuals. The reviewer recalls an impression received a couple of years ago in Berlin at the height of its wretchedness. There was an aimless uprising, a ferment, in a working-class quarter. From the top of a long, unlighted, narrow street an armored police truck, playing a search-light, bore down on the massed crowds in the square below. The light picked out of the darkness here a group huddled in a doorway, there heads at a window, here dodging, running figures, there defiant struggling men resisting the police. It is this search-light effect Kellermann achieves. One felt no hope as one watched these Berlin rioters; they were so purposeless and so miserable. And with that experience in mind, it is difficult to close the book with any enthusiasm for the vague promise of revolution embodied in soldiers and the mob who stream through the streets of Berlin on the Ninth of November. Above the roar of the city, the spirit of the revolutionary idealist proclaims: "Arise! set out on thy path. Already a red light is dawning in the Eastern heavens. From thence comes the light."

The young Russian author of "We," whose book, the translator assures us, would be so unpopular in the East of the red light that it has had to be published first in a translation in a foreign country, would be very skeptical about the dawn of freedom. In his satirical vision of the future, all the revolutions are over and all the wars; the United State controls the earth. And the State is building a cosmic airship to go forth into space and bring a mathematically faultless happiness to the beings on other planets, who are perhaps still in the primitive state of freedom. The builder of this ship gives us his broken records, in a vivid, syncopated style. He is a devout admirer of the United State and all its institutions: its unanimous elections; its houses of glass—with the redeeming feature of curtains for the rigidly controlled hours of intercourse—"perhaps the strange opaque dwellings of the ancients were responsible for their pitiful cellish psychology"; its street membranes to record every whisper for the benefit of the Guardians; its Maternal Norms, for propagation; and its Table of the Hours that prescribed each movement throughout the day. Under the influence of a rebellious spirit, a woman, this engineer develops the disease of a soul, and is almost drawn into a revolt against the Well-doer and the Guardians. He becomes obsessed with the problem of the square root of minus one—this, a symbol of the independent creative personality that refuses to be standardized. He begins to live in two worlds. One is that where, in the morning, at long glass tables, globe-like heads are busy chewing slowly, silently, in unison, to the beat of the metronome; or where later the uniformed citizens pace up and down the street, four abreast, to the music of the March of the United State. The other world is an increasingly fantastic one of dreams and strange disturbing passions of jealousy and love and freedom. And instead of a correct and strictly mathematical poem in honor of the United State, he finds he is writing a fantastic novel. The engineer and others are saved for the United State when the Guardians discover the seat of fancy in a little nervous knot in the brain, and operate on the citizens—so that at last the road to 100 per cent happiness lies open.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Paul Bunyan

Paul Bunyañ. By Esther Shephard. Seattle: The McNeill Press. $2.50.

Paul Bunyan. By James Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

QUITE contrary to my desire I can maintain no abiding enthusiasm for the exploits of Paul Bunyan as they are recorded by these two "historians." Paul Bunyan is the apotheosis of American tall tale-telling, but sheer exaggeration, even if it is "real American," becomes at length tiresome. Paul's bunkhouse was so tall that the last seven stories had to be hung on hinges to let the moon go by; twenty ox-teams were kept constantly employed hauling away the prunestones from the cook-shack; out in Oregon the trees grew so big that even Paul's mammoth Blue Ox, Babe, got lost meandering around in the hollow of one of them; Paul Bunyan made the Yosemite by pulling up a few rows of stumps that he had cut over; the salt from the salt pork used in Paul's camp made the Pacific Ocean salty; thus the tales pile up, and at length their childishness becomes wearisome.

In himself Paul Bunyan is an American creation destined perhaps in America to outlive Hercules. As a folk creation of this country he has but one peer—Uncle Remus. But Uncle Remus came from an alien and subordinate race, and he has had but one recorder, who was also a creator. Paul Bunyan is the creation of industrial dominancy—America itself; his contributors have logged from Maine to the Pacific. His potency has passed into various other mythical Americans of superhuman strength: Tony Beaver in West Virginia, Pecos Bill of the trans-Pecos West, Strap Buckner in South Texas,

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perhaps Mr. Percy MacKaye's "Mountain Munchausen" of Kentucky, and now Kemp Morgan of the oil fields, whither, according to some "roughnecks," Paul has also gone—for all authorities agree that the degenerate logging camps of the present know him only by hearsay. These satellites, however, but aggrandize their original.

In treating the great hero the methods of Mrs. Shephard and Mr. Stevens differ radically, and there are surprisingly few duplications of event. Mrs. Shephard has recorded the yarns "substantially as the men in the camps tell them." Her only "liberties," to quote her own words, "have been to arrange the stories in the form of a continuous narrative." They are all put in the mouth of one old logger, a grave mourner of the past, who knew Paul himself and scores of the cooks, lumberjacks, and traders he dealt with. The naturalness of his vernacular is a remarkable achievement.

Content with having the loggers talk naturally, Mrs. Shephard makes no comment, essays no philosophy. Mr. Stevens, on the other hand, assumes the liberties of a judicial novelist, frequently putting his own dull ideas into the mouths of his characters, even of the great Paul himself. In his concluding chapters he introduces a long-drawn-out satire which is utterly foreign to the bunkhouse yarn and is destructive to the spirit of the book. In gusto, in amplitude, and in recognition of the large and benevolent nature of Paul Bunyan Mr. Stevens is, nevertheless, superior to Mrs. Shephard. He develops the characters of Paul's men with skilful realism. His account of The Black Duck Dinner is unique in American literature. The Sourdough Drive is excellent fun; the description of The Old Home Camp, with its peace and plenty, and the exposition of bunkhouse balladry and tale-telling in Shanty Boy are large and full of the freedom that always characterizes prosperous camps of well-fed men where no women or ideas come. In the end, according to Mr. Stevens, it is ideas and women, together with population and Ford machinery, that destroy the power of Paul Bunyan and the wholesomeness of logging.

J. Frank Dobie

William Burnham

The Normal Mind. An Introduction to Mental Hygiene and the Hygiene of School Instruction. By William H. Burnham. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

AMONG those whom G. Stanley Hall gathered about him none was greater than W. H. Burnham, now the last of the giants at Clark University. Those who sat in his classes earlier will picture him, perhaps, as a young man; but to me he will always be an old and, what is rarer, a very wise man. Old, of course, in body only, for in mind he was young, fortified as he was by the ideal of his "great teacher, chief, and friend, G. Stanley Hall, for whose sympathy, stimulus, and inspiration it would be futile to attempt an adequate expression of indebtedness." What he had from Dr. Hall he made a part of himself and passed on to his students. It is impossible to forget the slight, quick-moving figure, white haired and bearded, whose flickering smile and high-pitched voice were so deliciously his own. And it is impossible to forget what that voice said to you as you sat in the classroom. The references to those who became teachers "with the help of God and an A. B. degree," and the inimitable story of George Washington Brown and Thomas Jefferson Brown, students of his in a country school long years before, one of whom was a low-grade moron and the other a high-grade imbecile—these things (they appear in the book!) he gave to his students along with a bewildering flood of information ranging from the teaching methods of Buddha to the latest experiments of American, English, French, German, Austrian, and Russian psychologists and physiologists (see his bibliographies here). For he never allowed his learning to fall into a hard pattern, to become sterile by repetition year after year; he was too deeply a participant in Dr. Hall's ideal of diligent, disinterested inquiry, fortified by gusto for learning and living and made possible by resiliency of mind.

If his personality must forever be the possession of his students and colleagues, he has poured his mind into this book, and given it to all who care to read. The early chapters are devoted to an examination, explanation, and evaluation of the conditioned reflex concept, and are followed by discussions of the school task, mental attitudes, suggestion and education, inhibition, association, and discipline. The essential characteristic of the normal mind he finds to be integration, and he conceives of education not so much as a scheme for filling the mind as a process for the cultivation of attitudes. One striking thing about the book is the fact that while it is the product of Dr. Burnham's long years of labor he constantly warns the reader against accepting the conclusions as dogmas. Much of his data is tentative. His utilization of psychoanalysis, for example, is admirably cautious and discriminating.

The essentials of mental hygiene Dr. Burnham states to be a task, a plan, and freedom, and these he expands into a résumé of the subject under the following heads: (1) Attention to the present situation, (2) orderly association, (3) mental work, (4) alternation of work and rest, (5) normal reaction to feeling, (6) an active attitude, (7) control, (8) confidence, (9) normal social relations, (10) adjustment, (11) a normal sense of dependence, (12) the scientific attitude. These captions, baldly stated, but faintly reflect the wealth of meaning the discussions pack into them. A thoroughgoing, widespread comprehension of his attitude in all its implications would make it impossible for him to say in the future that "a conventional failure is more desirable in our schools than a troublesome success."

To summarize the book is an impossibility. All one can do is to hope that it falls quickly into the hands of all intelligent and conscientious teachers. I hope it falls into the hands of all overconscientious teachers as well. "Possibly," as Dr. Burnham remarks slyly, "some morons are in the teaching profession." They, of course, will not appreciate the book. But those who can appreciate it will find that it is without doubt one of the major contributions to mental hygiene and pedagogy in recent years. And that mythical creature, the general reader, will find it vastly profitable as well.

C. Hartley Grattan

Back to Rousseau

Instinct. A Study in Social Psychology. By L. L. Bernard. Henry Holt and Company. $3.60.

THE profoundest problem in political, educational, and social philosophy is to determine the relative importance of hereditary and environmental factors in individual and social behavior. The pendulum of respectable opinion swings from one extreme to the other. In the views of the eighteenth-century rationalists human nature was not only inherently good but infinitely pliable. In Rousseau's view it was corrupted by the vile and tyrannizing institutions which cunning and evil-minded men had set over it. Helvétius built upon the doctrines of the innate equality of all men and the unlimited potency of the social milieu a beautiful faith in the infinite perfectibility of man. A considerable reaction against this utopianism was begun by Malthus and enormously furthered by Darwin. Since then the conflict between the intellectualists and the instinctivists has sharpened and deepened. Latterly the intellectualist view has lost steadily.

But another vigorous reaction is under way, this time to a viewpoint reminiscent of Rousseau and Helvétius. Human nature is again pictured as indefinitely and readily modifiable, and the reasons for the social ills of persons and classes are

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found in bad laws and corrupt institutions rather than in inherent human weaknesses. Mr. Bernard's book is by all odds the best and most complete statement of the new view.

Instinct, Mr. Bernard seems to say, must logically be defined as the unlearned but definite response of an inherited structure to a particular stimulus. But if one eliminate those simple neuro-muscular reactions best called reflexes, there are no real instincts. What one observes is the indefiniteness and plasticity of responses. Under the influence of the psycho-social environment every type of reaction becomes overlaid with habit to such an extent that it is the latter and not any reaction determined by hereditary structure which is important in psychological and sociological theorizing. Through the plasticity of his habit-forming capacities man can acquire modes of behavior which adjust his activities to a wide range of varied situations. Fixed structure with a reaction determined by hereditary factors would narrowly circumscribe the range of adaptive adjustments. If some of man's more vegetative and purely organic physiological reactions are thus restricted, not so his higher mental processes. Indeed, brain anatomy reveals "the existence of unconnected synapses in large numbers in the human cerebral cortex." Under the stimulus of the psycho-social environment which man has created this plastic structure is gradually built up into an elaborate network of neural connections performing the actions, thinking the thoughts, and feeling the emotions adapted to the social-psychological medium which has shaped it. In consequence, the autonomic apparatus —vegetative and reproductive—which clearly dominates the behavior of animals comes, in the case of man, under the domination of the higher control centers, the latter being fashioned in their behavior patterns by the psycho-social medium.

All of which and much more is interestingly elaborated with acute intelligence by Mr. Bernard. His survey and criticism of the current usage of the term instinct is a genuinely valuable contribution. His exposure of the superficiality and the extravagances of those instinctivists who find a definite inherited instinct behind nearly everything that man does is a wholesome corrective for a lot of loose thinking. But when one has finished with his exposition one is far from sure just where one has arrived. One ought to feel that instincts have now been finished off for good and all; yet Mr. Bernard continues to talk about them as realities to the end. He criticizes many classifications of them, but he seems unable to give a fresh classification or even to clarify our understanding of the fundamental drives in the human mechanism. He consistently adheres throughout to the contention that, if the instincts are to be phylogenetically derived, they must include a definite structure inherited according to Mendelian rules and specifically responsive to specific stimuli. This would effectively eliminate all such complex and coordinated activities as play, food, and sex, leaving only elemental reflexes that lack the necessary coordination until the fore-brain has got its cue from the psycho-social environment. The universalities of human behavior, regardless of time and place, are thus declared to be due to the universalities of social environment.

Mr. Bernard, in brief, reduces human nature to a few unimportant reflexes plus a mass of nebulous and unshaped nerve tissues out of which society makes whatever personality it pleases. It is an absurd conclusion. It is eighteenth-century utopianism all over again. It is a rejection of the whole contribution of biological evolution in order to join hands with the discredited rationalists of a pre-scientific age. No doubt science can do much for better habit formation, but so definite are the limits set by inherent tendencies that when we have done our best by a completed science of educational psychology human nature will be found to be much the same. If we do not call the inherited tendencies by the terms instinct and capacity we must find some other names for them; but they will not be changed by giving them new names. Meanwhile, it is folly to deny them altogether.

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Catholicism in France

The Catholic Reaction in France. By Denis Gwynn. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MR. GWYNN makes no extravagant claims. He admits that the "reaction" in favor of Catholicism now visible in France is hardly more than a tendency, though a marked one. Of thirty-four million nominal Catholics in the country—Paris and Alsace-Lorraine are not included in these figures—only about ten million practice their religion; sixteen or seventeen million conform more or less, while seven or eight million are definitely hostile. Nevertheless, if we consider the vicissitudes through which France has passed during the last twenty years this is not a bad showing. It proves that loyalty to their traditional faith is less easy to eradicate among the French people than foreigners have supposed. Outsiders are always forgetting that France produced Pascal and Fénelon as well as Voltaire and the Encyclopedists; they remember Lamennais, but forget Lacordaire.

This tendency to return to the faith and practice of the fathers was, of course, greatly strengthened by the war, though Mr. Gwynn insists that it showed itself before the beginning of the century. But naturally the heroism and democracy which the French clergy displayed on the battlefield did much to remove anti-clerical prejudice, and the fact that so many officers of high rank—Foch, Pau, Castelnau, Maud'huy, Mangin, Gouraud, Lyautey, not to mention the idolized Guynemer—openly practiced their religion had an immense effect upon public opinion. The result was that at the end of the war the seminaries began to be filled with candidates for the priesthood, although the stipend of the ordinary parish priest amounts to less than five dollars a month, a sum small enough, as Mr. Gwynn remarks, "to deter all but the most saintly." There were also evidences of change in the official mind. It was Briand who brought in the bill restoring relations with the Vatican in 1921—Briand, who had drafted the Law of Separation sixteen years earlier. Jonnart, who had voted for it, became the new representative at the Curia. Clemenceau himself bore witness more than once to the admirable conduct of the priesthood in the field. The government began, in 1921, to take part in the celebration of the festival of Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, though up to the year 1912 to celebrate her feast was a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. It is of course true that French Catholics have long kept rather disreputable political company. Rightly or wrongly, as Mr. Gwynn confesses, the church is associated in the minds of many Frenchmen with the royalist cause, or at any rate is credited with a very lukewarm affection for the republic; and the religious propaganda of M. Charles Maurras and *l'Action Française* has done much to confirm that association. The fact that M. Maurras, though himself a skeptic, regards the church as his natural ally in his crusade against democracy is even now an effective weapon in the hands of the church's enemies and may become, Mr. Gwynn admits, more effective in the future.

Mr. Gwynn devotes a good many pages to an interesting account, well fortified with statistics, of the efforts the church is making to strengthen her position: important committees whose function it is to supply Catholic news to the press; Catholic trade unions formed to keep labor, as far as possible, within the fold; newspapers of immense circulation, admirably organized and edited, that virtually monopolize certain areas in the interest of Catholicism. But the Catholic schools are naturally the chief instrument of religious teaching. Though Catholics are taxed for the upkeep of the state schools, they send their children very largely to their own. One-fifth of all the children now attending the primary schools are in these privately maintained institutions. As to secondary education, there are as many pupils in the Catholic schools as in all the government schools put together. "Such," says Mr. Gwynn, "is the actual state of affairs ten years after the teaching orders were banished from France."

The church is probably the only force strong enough to resist the drift at present toward depopulation. Her position on this subject is well known, and it is illustrated by the fact that those parts of the country in which religion has lost ground are precisely those threatened with loss of population. This relation is so marked that the government has itself undertaken to transfer colonies of devout Breton peasants to depopulated agricultural regions. So the "Iceland Fisherman" is becoming a missionary of the domestic virtues, and the wilderness and the solitary place are expected to be glad for him.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

Books in Brief

The Story of Woman. By W. L. George. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Mr. George's understanding of women, his specialty in novels, magazines, and newspapers, has become a commercialized vice. If only he makes no money out of this, perhaps the feminists will be rid of a crude exploiter. There is something oily about his patronage, something hack in this jungle of generalizations, that is sure to annoy an honest modern woman. Better a gentleman tory any day, with whatever sincere antagonisms to power in females.

With Pencilbrush and Chisel: The Life of an Artist. By Emil Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

Emil Fuchs is an Austrian portrait painter and sculptor, now residing in America, who has spent most of his life serving royalty and fashionable society with conventional and facile talents. His book is a chronicle of his relationships with famous patrons and fellow-artists. In his narrative Mr. Fuchs fails to make his personages very vital, although he gossips glibly about them through 147 pages of a very large, heavy, and elaborately illustrated volume. As a record of a highly successful achievement in "making a go" of art it will meet the approval of every chamber of commerce and rotary club in the country.

A History of Sculpture. By George Henry Chase and Chandler R. Post. Harper and Brothers. $4.75.

This very comprehensive and highly condensed handbook is the latest addition to Harper's Fine Art Series, which now has in preparation a "History of Painting." The "History of Sculpture" is a lucid and exceedingly well-planned survey, largely concerned with the art of the Occident, although Oriental sculpture in various countries is briefly treated. Each section of the volume is provided with a rich bibliography. The authors perform a valuable service in that they never fail to show how the art of a particular period or country is the expression of the history and conditions of the epoch. The student using the work as a text will find the chapter and section summaries particularly helpful. The cuts are numerous, but unfortunately many of them are too small to be of real service in furthering appreciation or understanding. The book, however, is unquestionably authoritative and the best handbook of its kind to date.

Our Governmental Machine. By Schuyler C. Wallace. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Rarely does there come from the press so readable an introduction to the problem of the organization of government, or one so compact of information and sound discussion. A vivid and popular account of our government, informed by contact with the realities as well as the shibboleths of politics, and touched with the humor inhering in the political scene, it is an altogether admirable and successful attempt to make the mechanics of government intelligible.

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The Oxford Book of Russian Verse. Chosen by the Hon. Maurice Baring. Oxford University Press. $2.85.

The selections contained in this anthology are given in the original Russian. The volume, which includes excerpts from long dramatic and narrative compositions as well as short lyrics, opens with a portion of Derzhavin's ode, God, the only piece representative of the age of the great Catherine, and concludes with the magnificent if retrograde poem Holy Russia, by Voloshin, the sole strictly contemporary figure who finds a place here. The Hon. Maurice Baring is as stand-pat in his aesthetics as he appears to be in his politics. His taste runs to the facile, the pretty, the sentimental. He assigns more space to the forgotten confectioner of sweetmeats, Nadson, than to Tyutchev, who belongs with the few truly great poets of the language; and he gives three pieces by a poetaster like Sluchevsky to one by so sound and vivid a writer as Bunin. The treatment accorded the symbolist school, which blossomed out richly toward the close of the century, is particularly unsatisfactory. For one thing you must look in vain for a glimpse of Vyacheslav Ivanov and Sologub. This sin of omission would be approximated if an English anthology of nineteenth-century poetry were to lack Swinburne and Yeats, or if a French collection for the same period were to ignore Baudelaire and Verlaine. The notes, which are from the pen of Prince D. S. Mirsky, offer interesting odds and ends of biography, chronology, bibliography, and critical comment.

Moon Harvest. By Giuseppe Cautela. The Dial Press. $2.

Poetic simplicity—sometimes exalted and occasionally exaggerated—is the dominant note in this love story of an Italian immigrant. The author appears to have drawn reflectively from memories of himself in that role; his novel has, in consequence, an engaging quality of immediacy. It is an excursion in sentiment, but not the canned sentiment of the popular magazine.

Wild Asses. By James G. Dunton. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

Here is another attempt to translate higher education into lower terms—the newest addition to the campus carouse school of fiction. With a college in the background and a bottle of synthetic gin in the foreground, almost anyone can turn out these so-called studies of the post-war generation. How much longer will budding novelists cling to their hip-pocket hysteria?

Professor. By Stanley Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Satirical in an academic sort of way, and yet tentatively sympathetic, Mr. Johnson in his novel fails to strike either note with authority. Touches of exaggeration creep into his serious moments; when he tries to be light he grows heavier. Possibly the feeble emotional character of the central figure has communicated itself to the narrative; it has about as much sparkle as the surface of a rain-barrel.

Day of Atonement. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A fine, flexible prose and a story of swift, somber intensity are here fused in a novel of notable richness. The narrative is steeped in the traditions of the Jewish race; it reflects a grasp and a responsive sympathy which are far from superficial in values.

The Little Dark Man. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Mr. Poole picked up much good ore in Russia, and continues to turn it to good advantage. These sketches—some light and some somber—supplement the collections entitled "The Village," and "The Dark People." They invite the reader to an understanding of the Russian peasant through the wide-open door of folk-lore.

The Political Parties of Today. By Arthur N. Holcombe. Harper and Brothers. $3.

With the death of La Follette there will be many attempts to evaluate historically the movement that he led. None of these are likely to be more successful than is Mr. Holcombe's, although his account closes shortly before the election of 1924. His book is truly noteworthy as a brilliant first attempt to base political history upon inductive statistical analyses of the social forces underlying political history. He concludes that far from being "empty bottles," as it is customary to assume, parties in the past have focused conflicts of interest between sections—interests that in the main are economic. The book will shatter some cherished illusions of political liberals. On the other hand it will support a belief in the continued existence of ground for the alignment between "progressive" and capitalistic groups within the existing parties—an alignment that La Follette did so much to clarify.

The Evolution of American Political Parties. By Edgar E. Robinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

The political party is regarded by Mr. Robinson as primarily an organization rather than a segment of the electorate. Parties in this sense have "dominated American politics since 1830, no matter who won the election." His book will have much value as a systematic historical résumé of changes in party organization and control from the colonial period onward.

Lady Anne Barnard at the Cape of Good Hope. By Dorothea Fairbridge. Oxford University Press. $10.

A series of spirited and readable letters from a gifted Englishwoman, written from South Africa at the close of the eighteenth century, filled out by the editor with many unnecessary and tiresome details of intricate relationships and deservedly forgotten intrigues. Lady Anne herself gives an interesting picture of life at the Cape and of the petty maneuvering of small politicians there. The text is illuminated by many of her own drawings, which show her a competent and witty artist as well as letter writer.

Stories and Essays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. With prefaces by different hands and notes by Havelock Ellis. Berkeley Heights, New Jersey: Published privately by the Free Spirit Press. 2 volumes. $3.20.

Literary remains of a gifted and interesting woman. The stories and essays gathered here are secondary in importance to the volumes published by Mrs. Ellis during her lifetime, but they are welcome as being her last word on love and the free life. The essays deal briefly with Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis, James Hinton, Oscar Wilde, Ellen Key, Olive Schreiner, and Frederik Van Eeden. There are several photographs of the author and her husband.

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International Relations Section

An Indian on Opium

THE following address was delivered in the Council of State of India on March 5 by Sir D. Sarvadhikary, who, as a member of the Liberal Party, is opposed to the policies of the Swarajists and favors collaboration with the Government. His remarks form an interesting commentary on statements of Gertrude Marvin Williams in her article, India and Opium, on page 229 of this issue, regarding the attitude toward the opium question of various sections of Indian opinion.

I have no wish today in this resolution which I have the honor to bring forward to challenge the whole of the opium policy of the Government of India. Indeed, in certain respects it is unchallengeable and beneficial. Rather I wish to deal with our special question, namely, the restriction of the actual consumption of Indian opium to the medical needs of the population. The representative of the Indian Government, Mr. Campbell, at the world conference at Geneva last November, made a reservation on behalf of this Government. He objected that the Government of India could not consent to restrict the cultivation of opium to medical and scientific requirements because in India the drug could not thus be medically restricted without great hardship to the people. It is that statement alone that I now challenge.

The argument which Mr. Campbell used was concisely given in Lord Hardinge's government dispatch of 1911, which has since become the *locus classicus* of the Government of India on this subject. The passage is so important that I shall venture to quote from it at some length. It reads as follows:

> The prohibition of opium-eating in India we regard as impossible, and any attempt at it as fraught with the most serious consequences to the people and Government. We take our stand unhesitatingly on the conclusion of the Royal Commission, which reported in 1895 that the opium habit as a vice scarcely exists in India; that opium is used in India extensively for non-medical and quasi-medical purposes; that the non-medical uses are so interwoven with the medical uses that it could not be possible to draw a line of distinction between them; that it is unnecessary that the growth of the poppy and the sale of opium in British India should be prohibited except for medical purposes. Whatever may be the case in other countries, centuries of inherited experience has taught the people of India discretion in the use of the drug and its misuse is a negligible feature in Indian life.

The long argument which I have quoted has recently been made the groundwork of the defense of the Government of India policy in a pamphlet issued from the India Office in 1921 called "The Truth About Opium."

Let me try to explain why I believe the Royal Commission of 1893 and the Government of India dispatch of 1911 and the India Office pamphlet of 1921 to be all out of date and to need an overhauling and a drastic revision, if progress in opium reform is to be effective.

First of all, India itself is passing through an industrial revolution over large areas, and the commission report of 1895 hardly deals at all with the new drug evils that have arisen through the increased consumption of opium in industrial centers.

Secondly, the evidence given before the Royal Commission in 1894-1895 appears to have been incomplete concerning certain parts of India about which we have now much more up-to-date information. We find, for instance, no serious attempt made after it to deal with the evils of opium smoking as well as of excessive opium eating in Assam.

Thirdly, a very great deal of scientific evidence has been collected since the Royal Commission sat. A much more serious medical view is generally taken today about the harm of opium eating. The old contrast between opium smoking and opium eating could hardly be maintained today.

Fourthly, the whole opium question has become in recent years an international question of the very first importance. Lord Robert Cecil is sent out to Geneva. Three cabinet meetings, we are told, have met at Whitehall to deal with it. All this is quite new since 1895. The Indian Government cannot afford to stand aside and treat the subject any longer as only a domestic concern. It is hardly too much to say that America's entry into the League of Nations and the peace of the world have indirectly depended on its solution.

For all these reasons, I would ask whether the time has not come for a revision of the whole subject in the light of new information and new events. The question to be asked is whether the Government of India's policy cannot come one step nearer to the point which we all have in view, viz., the restriction of the sale of opium in India to medical requirements of the population. We may not be able to reach that point by means of a Dangerous Drugs Act as yet, in the same way as it has already been reached in Japan and the West. But it may be possible to attain such a close approximation that the actual average consumption of opium per head in India is not greatly in excess of the medical index figure laid down by the League of Nations, viz., 6 seers per 10,000 people.*

Let me come to actual facts. There are certain black spots today on the opium map of India. If these were cleared away the general consumption would not be much in excess of the medical index figure of 6 seers per 10,000 people that I have mentioned.

The most important of these black spots is that area of Assam, in the Assam Valley, peopled by the Assamese race, Sibsaga, Nowgong, Lakhimpur, and Durrang. The excess is here so great that it comes up to nearly an average of 150 seers per 10,000 instead of 6 seers. A very large proportion of this opium is smoked and not eaten. Assam has the extremely bad record of one district with a consumption of 237 seers per 10,000.

We next come to another black spot in a modern industrial area, namely, the city of Calcutta. Here the opium consumption has reached the alarming figure of 143.6 seers per 10,000 instead of 6 seers. The opium shops are all in the slums, and it is the slum population that is still further demoralized.

A third abuse is in Burma, where the rate of consumption is still very high. I believe that the strange anomaly still exists that while opium smoking is forbidden to the Burmese race it is permitted to the immigrant Chinese. The figure in Rangoon is 110 and Mergui 147.

Figures like these will not stand comparison with the League of Nations index figure of 6 seers per 10,000. The effect of such black spots in the opium map is all the more deplorable because the map is white or nearly white over very large areas indeed—the consumption falling even below the League of Nations' figure.

Two things appear to me to result from what I have said: (1) It is not impossible to bring the internal consumption of opium in India much lower down with great benefit to the people: indeed it may be possible to bring it within respectable distance of the League of Nations index figure; (2) If this is to be done effectively, a working committee must be appointed, which must not think of politics or parties or revenue or official red tape and routine but must only consider the good of the people of India and the welfare of mankind.

* The League of Nations figure of 600 milligrams equals 6 seers per 10,000 population. 1 seer equals 2 pounds.

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To such a committee also, when it has done its work in India itself faithfully and well, I would also intrust the revision of the export traffic in opium from India, in which we are all thankful to see a marked decline in the past two years. For it has to be acknowledged to our shame that almost every ounce of Indian opium exported is immediately prepared by the importing Government for smoking purposes. We cannot forget that more than twelve years ago we were one of the contracting powers at the Hague Convention which solemnly signed article 7 [agreeing] that we would prohibit the export of prepared opium and that if we could not do so immediately we would do so as soon as possible. I trust that no one here will bring forward the quibble that the Indian opium exported to the Far East is prepared for smoking out there and not in India. Such a quibble in a humanitarian issue would be utterly unworthy of a great nation such as ours. . . .

When the working committee which I propose has got steadily to work to reduce the consumption of India, which stands at about 12 seers per 10,000, to something near to the League of Nations figure, when we have reduced the 237 seers in Assam district to normal and the 143.6 seers of Calcutta city to normal, then we shall have the right and the duty to cry halt to the export of Indian opium to the Straits Settlements, where the consumption of opium for smoking purposes is over 1,000 seers per 10,000 of the population and where between one-third and one-half of the revenue of the colony is paid for out of the receipts from Indian opium smoked in opium dens under a Straits Settlements government monopoly. Indeed it may even be possible in course of time to reduce the export of Indian opium as well as our internal consumption to within some reasonable distance of the League of Nations index and thus at last stand before the whole world with absolutely clean hands.

Gandhi on Birth Control

SANITY on the subject of birth control seems to be gaining ground in the West—especially in England. The Bishop of Birmingham openly declares himself in favor of birth control. A more hesitating admission was made by the British National Council of Public Morals; its report, The Ethics of Birth Control, states that the use of contraceptives is probably "the lesser of two evils." Although the Labor Party has been reticent on the subject, the Birmingham Labor Conference carried a resolution recently declaring that qualified doctors should be authorized to give information about birth control. In India, on the other hand, Gandhi has declared himself in opposition. The following statement is reprinted from the *Hindustan Times* of March 17:

It is not without the greatest hesitation and reluctance that I approach this subject. The question of using artificial methods for birth control has been referred to me by correspondents ever since my return to India. Though I have answered them personally, I have never hitherto dealt with the subject publicly. My attention was drawn to the subject, now thirty-five years ago, when I was a student in England. There was then a hot controversy raging between a purist who would not countenance anything but natural means and a doctor who advocated artificial means. It was at that early time in my life that I became, after leanings for a brief period toward artificial means, a convinced opponent of them. I now observe that in some Hindi papers the methods are described in a revoltingly open manner which shocks one's sense of decency. I observe, too, that one writer does not hesitate to cite my name as among the supporters of artificial methods of birth control. I cannot recall a single occasion when I spoke or wrote in favor of such methods. I have seen also two distinguished names having been used in support. I hesitate to publish them without reference to their owners.

There can be no two opinions about the necessity of birth control. But the only method handed down from ages past is self-control or *Brahmacharya*. It is an infallible sovereign remedy doing good to those who practice it. And medical men will earn the gratitude of mankind, if instead of devising artificial means of birth control they will find out the means of self-control. The union is meant not for pleasure but for bringing forth progeny. And union is a crime when the desire for progeny is absent.

Artificial methods are like putting a premium upon vice. They make man and woman reckless. And respectability that is being given to the methods must hasten the dissolution of the restraints that public opinion puts upon one. Adoption of artificial methods must result in imbecility and nervous prostration. The remedy will be found to be worse than the disease. It is wrong and immoral to seek to escape the consequences of one's acts. It is good for a person who overeats to have an ache and a fast. It is bad for him to indulge his appetite and then escape the consequence by taking tonics or other medicine. It is still worse for a person to indulge in his animal passions and escape the consequences of his acts. Nature is relentless and will have full revenge for any such violation of her laws. Moral results can only be produced by moral restraints. All other restraints defeat the very purpose for which they are intended. The reasoning underlying the use of artificial methods is that indulgence is a necessity of life. Nothing can be more fallacious. Let those who are eager to see the births regulated explore the lawful means devised by the ancients and try to find out how they can be revived. An enormous amount of spade-work lies in front of them. Early marriages are a fruitful source of adding to the population. The present mode of life has also a great deal to do with the evil of unchecked procreation. If these causes are investigated and dealt with society will be morally elevated. If they are ignored by impatient zealots and if artificial methods become the order of the day, nothing but moral degradation can be the result. A society that has already become enervated through a variety of causes will become still further enervated by the adoption of artificial methods. Those men, therefore, who are lightheartedly advocating artificial methods cannot do better than study the subject afresh, stay their injurious activity, and popularize *Bramacharya* both for the married and the unmarried. That is the only noble and straight method of birth control.

Our Marines in Nicaragua

THE NATION of August 12, in discussing editorially the withdrawal of our marines from Nicaragua (page 180), quoted in brief a comment by the Nicaraguan correspondent of the *Diario Latino* of San Salvador to the effect that the newly organized constabulary would be a perpetuation of control by the United States in an even more objectionable form. The article is reproduced below at greater length:

For more than thirteen years Nicaraguan territory has been violated by the presence of a detachment of United States marines, thanks to the political ambitions of the Conservative governments that have succeeded to power since 1912. Unscrupulous in their methods of keeping the family in power, and well aware that there hung over them not only the weight of their political crimes but the watchfulness of a people thirsting for justice, the Chamorros, using the most futile pretexts, brought in these Yankee troops that are an insult to national honor and dignity.

The United States, powerful and great, amuses itself by developing in the South American countries a crude policy of extortion and piracy, force and violence. And it has fallen

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upon unhappy Nicaragua like a sea monster in the darkness of a cave, spreading its thousands of tentacles over her fertile body. And she, poor thing, defenseless and alone, has met with disaster in spite of all the canons of international law, in violation of all codes of justice, and in an age of much ranting about democracy. But this United States is not the same nation that brought to life the two great leaders that stand out bright stars in a vast black sky—Washington and Lincoln. No; the United States of today embodies the filibustering spirit of Walker, hungry for gold and glory and easy conquests. More artful are the men of today, who lurk in hiding and delight in living prey. Wilson dons an apostolic halo to call the attention of the world to his new doctrines, his image grows at the proper moment like a symbol, and the weak nations grow confident and hope; but Wilson was Walker all over again, insidious, deceptive, and cruel, with smooth ways, while his conquering claws were tearing open new wounds and bringing darkness and destruction.

Since the treaty was signed there has been no one to authorize the presence of United States troops in Nicaragua. This, then, is an aggressive and arbitrary act without legal justification or political sanction. Nevertheless, since the Chamorros needed it, and since these soldiers guaranteed their remaining in power, which would otherwise have been impossible owing to their unpopularity and immorality, these forces have not moved from the Campo de Marte, thereby branding the country with the ugly mark of its shame.

More than two-thirds of the Nicaraguan population, without distinction of political affiliations, condemn this abuse of sovereignty by the Chamorros. Because, as is natural and logical, the people, awake to the situation and ready to defend their rights, hate the Yankees, who come like conquerors to flay our country, which, despite its territorial limitations, has great wealth, culture, and intellectual development.

Tragic in the history of Nicaragua are the pages of mourning which these pitiless birds of prey have left in their wake. And it is necessary, in spite of everything, to study these pages in order that Latin America may know the disaster which the United States, in a period of Wilsonian law, brought on this tiny section of the great Spanish-speaking continent. We must uncover our wounds, we must point out these seats of infection in our autonomous life, and we must shout out our grief so that all may hear us, so that no one will fail to listen to us. Then there will come a day, in the dim future, shining with glorious liberty, justice, and strength, when the weak nations now groaning under the iron heel of the Yankee will be free, great, and powerful again. And it is toward this day, shrouded in the mysteries of the future, that this cry of ours goes out, and may it be echoed in all Latin hearts like a blazing watchword before the advance of the Northern conquerors upon the young America. . . .

It may be that the marines will leave the Campo de Marte, but a North American official already named by President Coolidge will remain in chief command, none other than Calvin B. Carter, the very man who, with Governor Leonard Wood, has in various ways trampled upon the dignity and autonomy of the Filipinos. The chief of the constabulary guard is about to reach the country, according to a statement made to President Solorzano by the United States chargé d'affaires.

The new form of Yankee intervention in Nicaragua, as we have so often repeated, is the constabulary, only now it is to be more offensive, in that it will be more direct, less disguised, and highly insulting. From now on the government will have no control of the army, nothing to do with firearms, nothing to say about any of these matters. The only man who can make and unmake the military forces of Nicaragua at will is to be Mr. Carter, officer in the active service of the United States army, and consequently subject only to the superior officers in his country. This is the principal accomplishment of President Dr. Carlos Solorzano in his first five months of office, and one which will place his name on the pages of history under the just wrath of his people.

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